TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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One Year Old To-Day.

This is the anniversary of SATURDAY NIGHT'S birth. You know how much has been accomplished and how well the paper has pleased you. We know that our average circulation for the past twelve months has considerably exceeded TEN THOUSAND copies per week, and hope that SATURDAY NIGHT has made ten thousand friends whom it may never lose. We have done our best to make it worthy of the great good will which has been shown it, and for the innumerable favors of our friends we say a sincere "Thank you." Next year we will try to make it better, if possible, and can at least promise that it shall be no worse.

Around Town.

The formation of county councils in England is creating discussion in the British press, and there is considerable congratulation that "me lud," and the squire, and the juke and the beadle are not above taking part in the municipal assembly; and, on the other hand, that the people have not become so radical as to despise the men who formerly ruled them without their consent. Canadian county government differs widely from the British system, and England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales not having separate legislative bodies, the Imperial Parliament is crowded with measures no more important than a township by-law. The tendency to modernize their system will not end with county councils. It is as sure as the cycle of the sun to bring about local self-government in all the old kingdoms. While our English relations are copying our municipal style, it is apparent that we need more me luds and jukes in our county councils in view of the fact that a leading justice has stated in effect that the York Council is the meanest body of men that ever assembled for a more honorable purpose than stealing hens. It is said they chew tobacco, and live in dollar-a-day taverns if their constituency is so far away that they cannot return home at night or bring a lunch in their pocket. Now, if the Lord of Vaughan or the Duke of Markham or the Baron of Etobicoke adorned the chamber, they would probably "set 'em up" for the whole party and make the visit of the gentlemen from the side lines a pleasure rather than a task. As at present constituted our county council, though a trifle small-minded, adhere to their duty much more rigidly and spend the public dollars much more economically than do the aldermen of this aggressive city. A heated six-hours' argument over a seven-dollar culvert may seem a waste of time, but in this argument it is demonstrated that the road-master is not expected to make wealth out of his job; and this principle having been established in a small thing, other small things are patterned after the model, and county work is not only well done, as a rule, but cheaply done. Considering the nature of our soil and the difficulties to be overcome, the province of Ontario has better roads—far better roads—than any other part of America. Our bridges are more substantial, the grades of our hills less steep, and altogether the highways are a credit to our people. This continual jeering at the closeness with which the township legislators do their business is undeserved. They should rather be praised than laughed at. Our lawyers and judges become indignant at the bad ventilation of the court house, but if they had to live in some of the little farm-houses where the hired man has to climb up a ladder to get to bed at eight o'clock at night and mosey down said ladder at four o'clock in the morning to begin work, they would appreciate the size of a dollar earned at the rate of fifty cents per day. Our judges live to be reasonably old and are in pretty fair condition, while some of the farmers who are condemned for being so miserly are stoop-shouldered at forty and bent nearly double with rheumatism at sixty. The city people turn up their unfreckled noses at the granger and laugh at the lunch that bulges out of his side pocket, but they don't know how hard a trip the old man has. The money annually wasted—dishonestly, or at least extravagantly paid to the officials of Toronto—would buy the farms, implements and household truck of four square miles of any township in the county.

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This reminds us that it is about time the city should do something towards building the new court-house unless they are to let the matter drop. For years the county council was soundly berated for not "chipping in," but after it did agree to do its share the city was slow to keep up its end of the convention. The probabilities are, if the present scheme is to be abandoned, it would be difficult to get the county to enter into another as liberal. Everyone must respect the prejudice of the mayor and more level-headed aldermen against entering upon the construction of any more public works until they know the cost thereof, but let us understand what a good fire-proof court-house can be built for, and build it. Our aldermen and the county councillors seem to have a mixture of the fool-eagerness of Colonel Sellers and the cheese-paring frugality of the third deputy reeve of Tamarac township. It is true our board of aldermen have had their hands full trying to straighten up the foolish undertakings of previous years, but they have not been free from speculative imaginings and improper efforts to gain votes at the expense of the city treasury. It would not be unwise to engage a historian and statistician to collect for the public a statement of the probable cost of finishing the works we have already begun and ascertaining the cost and the necessity of the enterprises which should be undertaken.

As I suggested some weeks ago, when Lord Stanley made his speech to the St. Jean Baptiste delegates who were reading him an address, his remarks made the hornets roost about his ears. He is no longer the "friend of the French," as they styled him in said address. "He is assiduously endeavoring to create an unfriendly feeling with the United States, and to provoke such a state of affairs that Imperial Federation will become necessary." Our fellow-man and brother of French extraction is vociferously loyal to Great Britain until the schemes of Jean Baptiste are interfered with, and then he is ready to proclaim for annexation or revolution. I always have been, and am now, a Nationalist; but I recognize the fact that the independent nationality of Canada is a dream, and must remain an immaterial thing so long as independence would not bring us one flag, one language and one patriotism. If the tri-color is to wave over French Canada and the bedevilled beaver over the rest of the country, we might as well load our shotguns for a civil war before we declare that Canada shall be a separate nationality. There is more difference between the people and provinces separated by the river Ottawa than existed in 1860 between the countries and peoples separated by Mason and Dixon's line, and it is not necessary to relate the struggle entered into by the latter which finally ended in the unification of the republic. I am not one of those who argue that we have a better right to our British traditions than the French-Canadians have to their prejudices and attachment to the flag of France, but it does not need much knowledge of history or human nature to understand that these two loves cannot exist side by side in peace, unless there be some stronger force to umpire the game and keep peace in the family. If British influence were removed and we had to fight the thing out amongst ourselves, the fingers of Jean Baptiste would be entwined in the hair of Ontario within a sacred minute. I know there is no doubt about the result, but there would be a red-hot time before the English people would feel that the thing had been settled by their domination. In the meantime there would be appeals to our neighbors for help, and petitions for annexation and all sorts of cabals and conspiracies would exist. The prospect is not an inviting one, and there seems to be a general disposition to leave the struggle for our grandsons to settle.

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O'Connor's victory over Tesmer tickles Torontonians more than if some one had made us a present of a new city hall. People laugh at this city's tendency to hurrah when one of her boys arrives there ahead of his competitors. It is this very spirit which has made Toronto. A Torontonian feels when he accomplishes something that his fellow citizens will take a pride in him, brag about him and hurrah when he gets home. When a man has such backing he thinks it worth while being honest, ambitious and well behaved. Toronto once shouted over Hanlan's victories; the people on these streets do not yet hear of him being beaten without a sense of personal humiliation. If $50,000 would enable Hanlan to sweep the world again it could be raised in this community within a week, but as he is beaten, and probably will have to stay there, we feel an intense and perhaps unreasonable pride in O'Connor. There isn't any great intellectual supremacy in being able to propel a scow through the water faster than anybody else, but there is a heap of pride to be found in the fact that one of our citizens can do something better than anyone else. Like Dan'l, the jumping frog of Calaveras county, it is something to out-jump other frogs, and in the manly sports where it can be demonstrated by one of us that our boys have more muscle and staying power and science than the men of other places, we collectively hurrah and individually accept the compliment and high standard of excellence as belonging to each one of us. Even when we have a hired baseball team we want them to win the pennant, and so far they have either won it or been next in the procession. The people of any public-spirited city want anything that wears their name to be ahead, and as long as this feeling is restricted to worthy objects it has an intensely buoyant effect, and people who have excellence, like to locate in just such places as this. Toronto having become the newspaper and educational center of the Dominion, having the second population and greatest intelligence of all Canadian cities, exerting more influence on public opinion and commerce than any other city of Canada, we can afford to take pride in the fact that in aquatic sports in Hanlan's time Toronto was the capital of the earth, and that her glory is renewed in O'Connor. The boat races of Oxford and Cambridge and the aquatic and athletic contests between the American colleges have always been leading events, and there is no manly sport or excellence more highly prized. This sort of thing may seem bombastic, but we have to indulge in a little self-glorification when it is deserved, in order to make ourselves appreciated. As long as Toronto backs her boys against the world, they will be worthy and bring honors home to hang in our halls.

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It is revealed by the cable reports that the Duchess of Marlborough is not entirely happy in her new home. The American widow with the barrel of money won the Duke of Marlborough pretty much on a commercial basis. Though she was still young, beautiful and rich, all these things counted as nothing, and were tossed in the balances to outweigh the measly little Duke, whose character could not be cleaned with nitric acid and a scrubbing brush. We cannot but admire how bravely the little woman has born herself in paying off the debts on the baronial hall, in going into society and being able to outstare the impertinent blue-bloodesses with whom she came in contact. She attempted too big a contract, however, when, in an effort to rehabilitate her husband's character she invited Lady Colin Campbell down to stay at said baronial hall in order that the world might understand her unbelief in the scandals with which the Campbell person and her husband had been connected. Some person who probably knows nothing about it has wired America that she had an understanding with her husband that he was not to be "alone" with the ex Mrs. Campbell but when the visitor arrived the little Juke could not be made to stick to his bargain and they acted in a way which Mrs. Marlborough despised, and Blenheim Castle has since been the scene of great grief and more or less hysterics. I don't blame her. Lady Colin, so the cable states, arrived on Saturday, and on Sunday she and the Juke took in the scenery when the Duchess was not asked to come. That evening Mrs. Marlborough did not appear at dinner, nor would she see the Campbell woman again during the visit. The dowager, alias the widow Marlborough, who is very fond of her new daughter-in-law got to hear of the rumpus and started post-haste with her daughter, Lady Curzon, and the latter's husband for the scene of domestic infelicity, but before the patrol wagon arrived with the relief party the ex-Mrs. Campbell had left, and matters have been ironed out a little since, but there are a good many rumples still to smooth over. In the meantime the new duchess is under the doctor's care. But our sad-eyed lady of Blenheim cannot expect to gaze through her tears and find much sympathy. She knew what a little rascal she was marrying, and that she was accepting a situation abandoned by a good woman. If the title and other luxuries she gained are not sufficient to compensate her for the shame of being left at home while her hubby runs around with female persons, she will have to go sorry the rest of her life. But, by the way, what will Mr. What-Do-You-Call-Him who was her first husband and endowed her with the ducats, think of these proceedings if from a lofty point of view he can survey the scene at Blenheim? I imagine he will feel that he is pretty near square with the widow "who did not weep alway."

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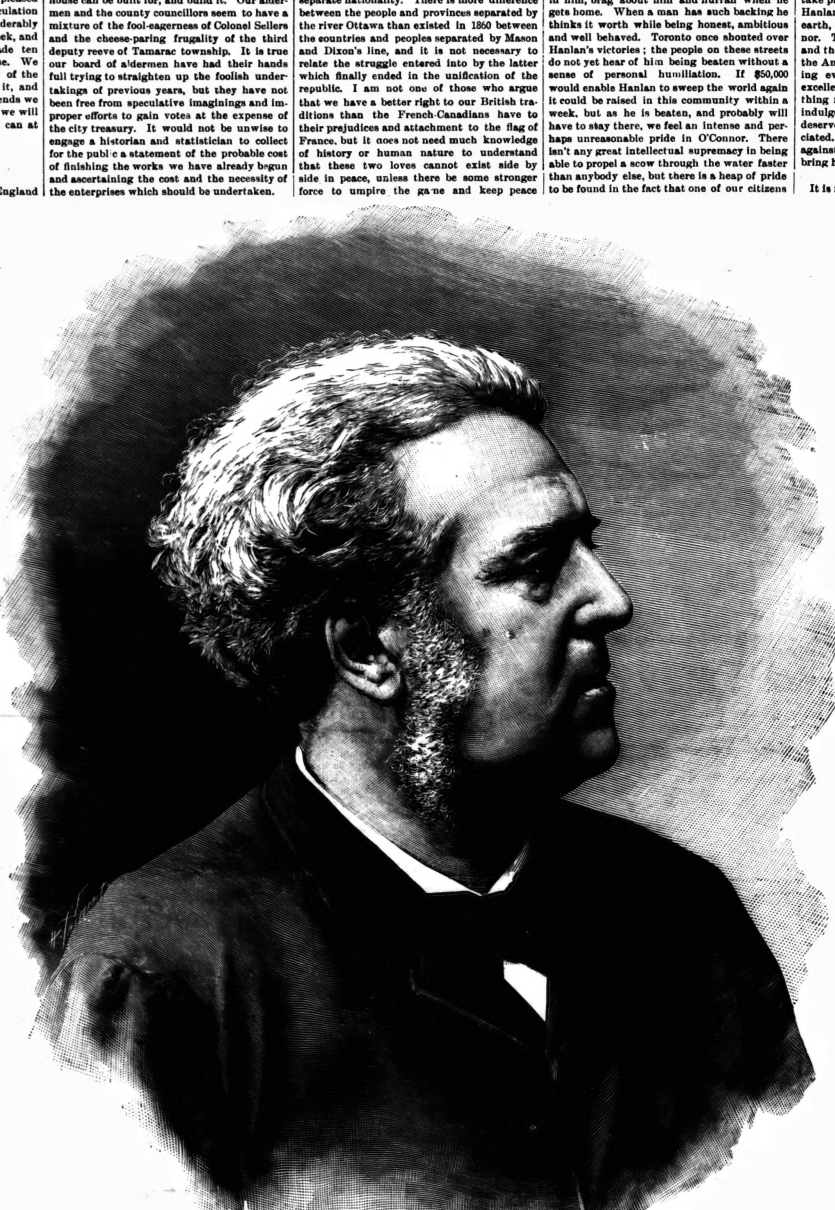
The Ministerial Association has been discussing a paper entitled "The Gift of Language the Crowning Glory of Mankind," and if they have not concluded the debate I would recommend to their attention the fact that the man who can talk, but won't unless he has something to say, has perhaps the "crowningest" glory of them all. The next degree of glory, the Anti-Poverty people would perhaps say, is possessed by the man who, while anxious to talk himself, will permit other people to get a word in now and then by way of variety, and who does not imagine that the subject is closed because he has quit speaking. The Anti-Poverty Society are something of talkers themselves, and believing that they have this crowning glory feel insulted that an opportunity was refused them of working a little off it of on their ministerial friends. The trouble seems to be that both societies have their full share of this crowning glory, but the preachers have the floor and won't sit down.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



M. FLOQUET.

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Society.

There are few pleasanter affairs in this life than a social gathering in after years of those who in the bright and happy days of boyhood acknowledged one common Alma Mater within whose walls have been inculcated those principles which, if properly adhered to, are the source of happiness and content in the succeeding years of manhood. Such a gathering was that which assembled in the Walker House on Wednesday night to celebrate the annual dinner of the Old Boys' Association of Trinity College School, Port Hope. Though not as largely attended as last year's dinner, it was still a most successful affair.

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Men from all parts of the province were there, men distinguished in the law, medicine, and in political and commercial life. It was indeed a pleasant sight, in the drawing-room of the Walker, to see the old boys—men now—exchanging kindly recollections of the old school, of youthful escapades, of triumphs on the cricket field, and, what was most pleasant of all, to witness their evident loyalty to the old school, and to hear the oft repeated expression of their regard for one who is as much beloved by his boys as was Arnold of Rugby.

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Shortly after 8.30 the old boys with their guests filed down to the dining-room which presented a very pretty appearance. The chair was taken by Mr. J. A. Worrell, barrister-at-law, who, it is needless to say, discharged the onerous duties of that office with the ease, tact and ability born of much experience in political campaigns as one of the Conservative standard-bearers. On the right of the chair sat Dr. C. J. S. Bethune (the honored head master who had in previous years birched every lad who so enthusiastically cheered him on this occasion), Dean Jones of Trinity University, and Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity, whilst on his left sat Provost Body, C. J. Campbell, Dr. Geikie and Professor Roper.

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Around the table sat the "old boys," amongst whom were Messrs. Frank Darling, H. K. Merritt, Clarence Bogert, Henry Bethune, Arthur C. Allan, Claude Boulton, Donald Howard, Dyce W. Saunders, Bruce Harman, Kirwan Martin of Hamilton, Robert Young of Aurora, J. Travers-Lewis of Ottawa, J. W. B. Walsh, R. Capels-Loewin, W. H. Perram of Aurora, J. Catto, A. Bruce of Hamilton, R. Boulton, W. Boulton, Ford-Jones, L. Baldwin, D'Arcy Martin and Clarence Whitney.

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The vice-chairs were filled by Mr. E. D. Armour and Dr. Johnson. The toasts of the Army, Navy and Volunteers was ably responded to by Captain Howard of the Grenadiers—the man of Batoche—who modestly referred to his own services, but paid a glowing tribute to those of his comrades in arms. Captain Bruce Harman also responded to this toast, and alluded in a most humorous manner to what he *hadn't* done in the way of fighting.

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Dr. Bethune, in replying to the toast of the evening, Trinity College School, gave a most cheering account of the progress of an institution which has endeared itself to many hearts, not only in Canada but wherever our common language is spoken. During Dr. Bethune's remarks about Trinity School, my thoughts went back to my first visit there, when I was shown over the buildings and the school chapel by one whose melancholy fate cast a gloom over the entire community and flung a halo of romantic interest around the names of Selby Allan and his companion, young McInnes. Speeches also were given by Provost Body, Dean Jones of Trinity, Rev. John Pearson, Prof. Roper, who replied for the various halls of learning in which they are particularly interested. A capital response to the Law was given by Mr. E. D. Armour, who made out an uncommonly good case for the legal profession—from a lawyer's standpoint. We are always picking up fresh information every day, and I now know, for the first time in my life, that the only honest men we have in the community are the lawyers. Literature and the Press was proposed by Mr. J. Travers-Lewis in most appropriate language and responded to by Mr. H. K. Cockin of SATURDAY NIGHT. Trinity School being the nursery of cricket in Canada, it goes without saying that Mr. D. W. Saunders' response to the toast of Cricket was most heartily received, as were the songs given by Messrs. Kirwan Martin, Loewin, Scatcherd and Bolton. And then, after Auld Lang Syne and God Save the Queen had been chanted with all the honors, the third annual dinner of the Trinity College School Old Boys' Association was brought to a decorous close shortly after 11.30 p.m.

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Miss Bennett of St. Catharines is visiting Mrs. Philip Strathy of 15 Esther street.

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Miss Hubbell of Kingston is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Miles, for a short time.

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On Saturday last about one hundred and fifty people gathered by invitation at Mrs. John MacNab's house, 51 Beverley street, to discuss sweetmeats, music, and all the latest movements of their friends. Mrs. MacNab had taken great pains to swell her rather small house to its largest proportions for the benefit of her guests, and to do this threw out an extra passage room, from the second drawing-room, where the Italian string orchestra were stationed. Notwithstanding this, Mrs. MacNab's rooms were never for a moment free of the great crowd, and it was a difficult matter between the hours of half-past four and six, to get from the hostess to the tea-room. There Mrs. MacNab's nieces, the Misses Robarts, and her sisters, Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Robarts, attended to the wants of all. Mrs. MacNab received in the front room in a black satin gown, betrimmed with jet. Among the guests were noticed Rev. and Mrs. Cayley, rector of St. George's Church; Rev. Mr. Moore, curate of the same church; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Miss Parsons, Mr. Fred. Moffatt, Miss Grier, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Henry E. Duncan, the Misses Chewett, Mrs. Philip Todd, the Messrs. Robarts, the Misses Robarts, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. L. Miles, the Misses Beatty, Mr. James Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Rev. T. Patterson, the Misses Birchall, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Miss Hubbell of Kingston, Miss Temple, Mr. MacKellar and the Misses MacKellar, Mrs. J. MacKellar, Rev. H. W. Davis and Mrs. Davis, Mr. Swabey.

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Miss Clara Jones who has been staying with Mrs. Wm. Ince on Grosvenor street, has taken her departure for a short while to make a visit in Prescott.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy have returned from their honeymoon and are at their house on Classic avenue, where Mrs. Foy continued to receive her guests on Tuesday, wearing, I hear, a becoming canary colored silk gown and assisted by her bridesmaids.

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Seldom have I undertaken a subject with greater pleasure to myself than that of the marriage, last Tuesday, of Mr. Alfred B. Cameron, of the firm of Cameron & Cameron, barristers, Toronto, to Alice, third and eldest unmarried daughter of ex-Alderman David Walker. The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Church, and was performed by Rev. J. D. Macdonnell. At twenty minutes to twelve the bride entered the church on her father's arm, followed by her two sisters, the Misses Grace and May Walker, and little Miss and Master Wright, niece and nephew of the bride. They were met at the altar by Mr. Alfred Cameron and his two groomsmen, Messrs. George Burton and Hume Blake. The bride wore a magnificent gown of creamy brocade, soft and rich. Draperies of tulle, festooned with orange blossoms, and lace adorned the skirt, and the long train was perfectly plain. The bodice was tight to the throat and plain, with half sleeves draped with lace, while over all hung the long veil. The bridesmaids were dressed alike in pure white silk faille and brocade, the latter in strips over a petticoat of the former, the hats being the most stylish and becoming completion to their toilets. These were wide white felt, turned up in three places behind, the brim edged all round with ostrich feathers, tips of the same, white wings and white ribbons being mounted on the crown from behind. They also carried very long walking canes covered with white satin ribbon with a crook at the end, and to each of these were fastened a large spray of *gloire de dijon* roses with long loops of ribbon. Little Miss Wright was dressed as nearly as possible like the grown-up assistants, and Master Wright wore an Eton suit.

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Who were there? What were they dressed in? I can hear my eager readers impatiently inquiring. Well, the guests were great in quality as well as quantity. Of the families of the contracting parties there were, of course, Mr. David Walker and his son, father and brother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moffatt, the bride's sister, whose wedding five years ago this month rivals the present in point of beauty. Then Mr. Walker's eldest daughter, Mrs. John Wright, also her husband and second daughter. Later on came Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cameron, father and step-mother of the groom, and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance. And the rest of the guests consisted of the large number of friends of both parties, amongst whom were Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Croil, Miss Thorburn, Miss Spratt of Woodstock, the Messrs. James Ince, R. W. Moffat, Shanly, Cassimer Dickson, Geo. Michie, Capt. Henry Brock, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffat, Dr. Allan Baines, Miss Rosie of Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Baines, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Walter Barwick and Mr. Hay. Mrs. Fred Moffatt was gowned in a very handsome pale grey ottoman cord and cream brocade. The sleeves were slashed at the shoulders to show the cream brocade. Her large hat was velvet of the same shade, turned up much behind and at one side, and surmounted by feathers and ribbons. Her bouquet was of large white roses, tied with ribbons. Mrs. Wright wore a broad black and white stripe, with demi-train and hat to match, and a very fine bouquet of *gloire de dijon* roses tied with ribbons. Mrs. Foy looked very well and handsome in a neat dark bottle green, with gilt filigree waistcoat and bonnet to match, and light furs. Mrs. George Torrance's gown was also green of a different shade, more sage, with pleated panels in the skirt of a mixed light brocade, and velvet hat *en suite*, and furs. Mrs. Croil wore a dress the skirt of which was a very large velvet brocade on a satin ground, and the train a heavy black corded silk, and carried a suitable bouquet. Mrs. Alex. Cameron was attired in a dark ruby velvet with bonnet to match, and over this wore a long mouse-colored plush cloak lined with rich furs. Mrs. Bain had on a very stylish æsthetic green velvet hat with large brim and turned up behind with feather tips. Miss Thorburn was simply dressed in bronze cashmere with velvet hat and furs to match. Mrs. Dawson was in bronze satin and Miss Spratt had on a scarlet silk tucked Garibaldi with a skirt of indifferent shade. Miss Roach of Hamilton wore a combination of dove color and brown, while Mrs. Barwick sustained her character for good taste and style, by appearing in a deep heliotrope gown and velvet hat *en suite*, of a becoming shape and low crown. After the ceremony the wedding party and guests drove to the residence of Mr. Walker, 256 Victoria street, where a costly breakfast was served, toasts drunk, and the handsome presents viewed. Amongst these were a magnificent set of pearls and some diamonds by the father and step-mother of the groom which were very much admired and envied.

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The young couple left by an afternoon train for Windsor, where Mr. Cameron owns much property, and where they were received by the farmers for miles around and presented with addresses and gifts, thence onward through the principal cities in the States. When they return they will establish a home on Cecil street, where a house has already been secured for them. The wedding party were remarkable for their very Frenchy appearance, but the family having recently lost a member in the death of Mrs. David Walker, no brilliant colors were indulged in, both Mrs. Wright's and Mrs. Moffatt's costumes being adapted to slight mourning. The music on the occasion was specially supplied by Mr. Fisher, and did justice to the occasion, the two wedding marches from Lohengrin and Mendelssohn's being beautifully rendered.

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I cannot refrain from saying, though, that through poor management the rabble and crowd that collected—from the church being in such a busy part of the town—were allowed to rush around, climb on seats and generally detract from the solemnity of the occasion. No attempt at order was made by either the sexton or the ushers, and it is only to be hoped that such a thing will never be allowed to happen on a like occasion in Toronto again. The wedding guests had the greatest difficulty—and even the bride and her own immediate party—in getting down the steps and across the carpeted sidewalk, and the former especially were in great danger of having their gowns torn or ruined in elbowing their way through the crowd, who seemed to forget the carpet was reserved for a purpose.

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Mr. Foulkes, who has been a guest at Dunside, Trinity College, for some time past, left this week for Texas, where he has recently received a valuable appointment.

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Mrs. Prince and Miss Ross have jointly issued invitations for a "4 to 7" on Saturday, December 8, at their house, 13 Peter street.

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Mrs. Chas. Parsons gave a "small and early" at her house, Parklands, Queen's Park, on Thursday night, which was, as could only be expected from such a and popular hostess, a great success. About twenty-five of each sex attended and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

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The accident to Dr. Philip Strathy, which was announced as very serious in the daily papers, proves to be of much less importance than might have been expected. The patient is doing very well, but will not be able to make much use of his arm for a month.

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I have always thought it was a foolish and useless custom for society journals to hold forth at the beginning of a season, on the prospects of a gay or dull one. I still am of the opinion that it is a waste of time and patience to do so; but as there are always exceptions I will make this one, for things really look so dull that I am charitable enough to wish to offer a few words of sympathy to Toronto youth and beauty. I think I never saw Toronto so deserted by its leaders as it is this season, and there really seems little or no prospect of a private ball or large dance. Mrs. Henry Cawthra, than whom there is not a more lavish or hospitable matron here, is in Bournemouth, England, for the winter with her family. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, in deep mourning for her father, is on the eve of departure for the south of France and Germany. Sir Daniel and Lady Macpherson, who made themselves famous by the number and quality of their entertainments last year, have already flown, and will winter in Europe; and when Mrs. Bankes leaves with Mrs. Nordheimer and Mr. and Miss Vankoughnet, Chestnut Park will be closed altogether. Mrs. Yarker and her two popular daughters left these shores in October and are located in Dresden for the present. Mrs. John Cawthra and her daughter Mabel intend remaining abroad till the spring and are now in Vienna. Mrs. Jos. Cawthra has rented her house in Rosedale to Mrs. Becher, and gone to Italy. Mrs. Christopher Robinson, too, will winter in the south of France, and with her, Miss Laura Boulton. Among other Torontonians abroad for the cold season are Mrs. Henry John Boulton and her family, in the south of England; Mr. John Macdonald and his daughter, who have gone to the Bahamas, and Miss Edith Kingsmill, eldest daughter of Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, in England. Truly our city never was such a social desert, and it is to be devoutly hoped, for the sake of the languishing hearts beating very faintly just now, that some of the hitherto negligent hostesses, who have only too willingly shifted their duties on to the shoulders of others, will take up the gloves laid down and assume their responsibilities by giving directions for a few dances.

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Mrs. Becher has returned from abroad and taken Mrs. Joseph Cawthra's handsome house, just at the entrance to Rosedale, for the winter.

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Miss Madeline Spratt is out of town visiting friends in Hamilton.

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Never has the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto made such a supreme effort to keep up its former records as was made by the committee who arranged for last night's ball. Not a stone had been left unturned to make everything a splendid success, and now that the whole affair is a thing of the past, it is generally admitted that the desire of the committee has been fully attained.

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One or two circumstances have doubtless aided the promoters of the ball. In the first place the promise of the Governor-General and suite to attend the ball was undoubtedly a trump card in their hand, which was played for all it was worth. Nor was this the only one, reports having gone around freely that Mrs. Langtry had been invited by the society, which, of course, had its effect with many admirers of the beautiful Englishwoman. As a matter of fact, however, Mrs. Langtry was not invited by the society, but by a private member.

*

Amongst the invited guests who were present were Lord and Lady Stanley, Captain the Hon. Charles Colville and the Hon. Mrs. Colville, Captain and Mrs. Joseline Bagot, Mr. A. H. McMahon, Miss Lister, Commander and Mrs. Law, Justice Burton, Mrs. Burton, the Misses Burton, Mrs. Bain, Justice Osler, Mrs. Osler, the Misses Osler, Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Justice and Mrs. Ferguson, the Misses Ferguson, Justice Proudfoot, Mrs. Proudfoot, Justice Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Lieut. Col. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Denison, Lieut. Col. Denison, Mrs. F. C. Denison, Lieut. Col. Grasett, Mrs. Grasett, Lieut. Col. Dawson, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Captain Sears, Lieut. Col. Stevenson (5th Royal Scots, Montreal), Hon. O. Mowat, Mrs. Mowat, Mr. H. E. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke, Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton., Captain Wise, A. D. C., Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pellatt, Miss Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Hon. John Beverley and Mrs. Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mrs. E. J. Jarvis, Mr. C. W. Wagner (U. S. Consul), Mrs. Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Spooner, Mrs. and Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. D. Creighton, Mrs. Montague White, Mrs. George Montagu White, Mrs. Johnston, Hon. W. R. and Mrs. Meredith, Miss Ross, Mrs. Prince, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. J. T. Small, Miss Dupont, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. F. W. Burritt, Miss Burritt, Miss Hooper, Mr. Bethune, Mrs., Miss and Miss W. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler. The other five hundred guests time and space forbid my mentioning here. I should like, however, in the few lines left at my disposal to express my admiration for the *Globe* man's ideas of dance music. I notice in Thursday's issue he credits Corlett's band with "from 80 to 90 pieces." This is famous and I can imagine Corlett's satisfaction in learning that the 22 or 23 pieces controlled by him have swelled up into the nineties. A powerful imagination is a mighty fine thing, my lords and gentlemen!

*

A most charming At Home was given by Mrs. Harrison of Beverley street, the account of which was unavoidably crowded out in our last week's issue. Among those present were Mrs. John Hillyard Cameron, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. W. H. Beattie, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, the Misses Dupont, Mrs. James Maclennan, Miss Laidlaw.

*

The mashers have been very much to the fore this week. On the evening of the first three days they thronged the Grand Opera House, where there burned the sacr d lamp of burlesque, and if a daily paper erra not, crowded also the narrow and dirty lane where the stage door is situated, so that at last policemen had to be summoned to make a way through their ranks for the fair choristers, their intended mashes. And fair these certainly were. It is very long since so good-looking a chorus has been seen in a Toronto theater.

*

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the masher has again been very much *en evidence*, but whereas at the beginning of the week each had a special fancy or gave his admiration to the many, on the last three evenings a reigning beauty of the day has been alone in her glory, the one *mashee*.

*

A certain number of ladies of society graced the auditorium of the Grand on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and though not always quite at their ease, witnessed this most charming burlesque. I forbear printing the names of any of them since I am sure they would prefer me not to do so. Amongst gentlemen whom I noticed at the Grand were Messrs. Small, Gamble Geddes, Harry Gamble, Alan Gamble, Fox, Goldingham, Captain Macdougall, the Messrs. Moffatt, Spratt, Hume Blake, Shanly, Brown, Frank Jones, Vaneck of Montreal, M. Boyd, Vankoughnet, Grant Stewart, Michie, Roberts, George Jones, W. Blake, Cassimer Dickson, R. Thomas, Barwick, Daubenny, G. Smith, Vickers, Cronyn, Cumber-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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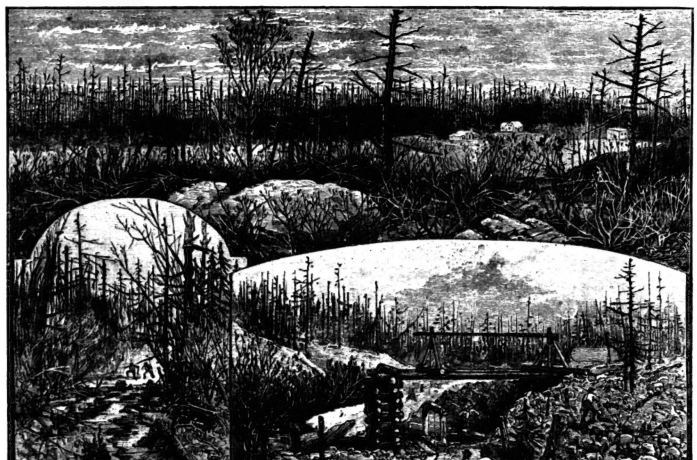

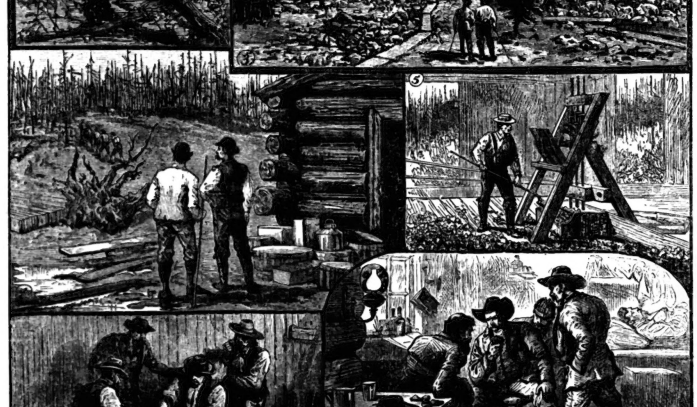

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE BITTER-SWEET OF NOTORIETY.

It is wonderful how sometimes we have a confidential impulse towards people we neither like nor trust. When one is in either a mental or physical funk, strength is what one looks for. After a night of uneasy sleep Stephen Tully was both mentally and physically out of repair. If he had had any liquor in his room he would have stimulated himself pace the point of self-contempt, but he had made it a rule never to keep a bottle; this was one prejudice he had retained. Someone had told him that if intoxicants were too accessible it would lead to drun drinking, and it was his habit to boast that he seldom took a drink alone and never if he could find anyone to join him. He would have gone to the club, but already he felt that his engagement at the Gospel Rally separated him from anything of that sort. In the morning he felt an inclination to slip out and get a brandy and soda somewhere, but he thought of the audience which was shortly to hear him sing, and he feared someone would remark, "Why, it was only yesterday I saw him taking a drink," and he refrained.

"I suppose," thought he in bitter self-communion, "that I'll have to adopt Killick's plan and do my drinking on the sneak, carry a flask in my pocket or eat opium or do something not easily detected." As he walked towards his office full of his newly-found misery, it struck him that confiding the matter to Killick would bring a certain measure of relief. He didn't love or trust Killick any more than he did the brandy bottle, but he felt he could confess his wretchedness without any sense of shame as long as the confession was made to someone worse than himself. Then, again, Killick was so strong and so astute he could give him some advice as to the attitude he should adopt towards his old companions under these altered circumstances. He hung his hat and overcoat in his office and started towards his partner's private room. He had to pass Miss Burnham's desk, and the cold quizzical look she gave him seemed to have a threat in it which made him tarry by her desk a moment that he might conciliate her, particularly as her engagement with the firm was soon to be terminated. He thought the clerks looked at him curiously, and he detected a broad grin on the face of a raw and red-headed country youth who had just been articled, and made up his mind that the golden-haired young man wouldn't last in the office of King & Tully very long.

When the door of Mr. Killick's little office snapped behind him, he noticed that his partner was wearing an unusually broad smile, which was saying a good deal, as that gentleman's remarkable face had been very aptly described by Cora Burnham as a wilderness of warts, yellow teeth and stubby beard.

"What seems to have pleased you so immensely, Killick," curtly demanded Tully, still smarting from the affront he imagined had been offered him by the raw student.

Killick began to laugh, and kept on laughing until his fat sides fairly shook with his noiseless merriment.

"What the devil are you laughing at, Killick!" snapped Tully, viciously. "Everybody in the office seems to have clothed himself with an infernal grin this morning, while I feel like anything but laughing."

"Really, Tully, my boy, I can't help it; I don't see how anyone can help it when they see you announced as the leading attraction at the Gospel Rally to-morrow night," and with this Killick roared again until he found it necessary to assume his favorite attitude of lying back in his chair and gazing at the ceiling. With his eye fixed on the crack in the plaster he appeared to be struggling to regain his composure, an event which did not take place until Tully had nerved himself almost to the point of throttling his partner in the chair.

"So it is in the paper, is it? Stryde is fool enough to do anything except mind his own business," he groaned.

"You will have a big house, Tully, it will be the greatest Gospel Rally there's been in the Pavilion for years," and again Killick fell into a fit of laughing.

"Don't act like an ass, Killick. What the devil is there so funny in my singing in the Pavilion? I've sung there before for a dozen different societies. I don't see anything so infernally funny in my obliging the gospel cranks for one night."

"H-u-s-h, h-u-s-h," exclaimed Killick in a sibilant whisper, "mustn't talk that way, Tully, or you'll spoil the good effect of the whole thing. You've begun just right, couldn't have done it better, but it must have taken a good deal of nerve to make the suggestion to Stryde. I wonder he didn't think you were making fun of him."

"I didn't make the suggestion, I'm not fool enough for that. It was the idiot's own invitation made in the presence of Miss Browning, and I couldn't refuse."

"You must have been playing it pretty fine, Tully, to get an invitation so soon. Do you know"—again Killick was seized by an uncontrollable fit of laughter—"I had no idea you would take my advice so suddenly. I thought would take you a month or two to get inside the fold, but within a week you loom up as a singing evangelist. You're a cool one, Tully! You are the boldest operator of us all!"

"Confound it, Killick, let up on your giggling and talk sense. You don't suppose people will take this singing business as a sign that I have joined the church?"

"Why, certainly," answered Killick, drawing himself up in his chair. "That's what you intend, isn't it?"

"No, it is not. I'm not going to join anything but a lunatic asylum—I seem to be partner in one now," cried Tully angrily, turning towards the door.

"Don't go away mad, Tully. Keep your temper and keep sober and you will be the idol of the town. Never did a better thing in your life! More money in it than there is in wheat margins, Tully; more business and less risk!"

"There is one thing I wish you would remember, Killick, not to speak of this as if I had definitely decided to play the part of a sneak and hypocrite as you do."

"Tut, tut, man, don't talk that way. Of course you have decided to take a religious stand and you'll have to stick to it or else be worse off than before. Coming down on the car this morning, Chandler and half-a-dozen of those fellows were talking the matter over, and they asked me what it was that led you to think that you were going to join the church—had been thinking of it for the last two or three months, in fact, ever since King died—and probably his death was the cause of the serious frame of mind which had been so noticeable since the funeral."

"What did they say?" inquired Tully, miserably.

"Said they hadn't noticed it; but I pointed out how proud and reserved you had been, and them you had been struggling very hard to hide it."

"Did they believe you?"

"Can't say they did—not all of them."

"What did Chandler say?"

"O, something mean. He is too spiteful to be noticed."

"But tell me what he said," demanded Tully, eager to know the full extent of the scorn he had excited.

"Oh, something to the effect that he guessed you must have shaken the typewriter girl and were shinning up to Miss Browning."

Tully's face flushed hotly. "I'll pull his nose if I hear any more such remarks as that from him."

"Don't mind it, my boy! We all have to suffer these things for righteousness' sake. I had to take several little stabs myself. Billy Errett guessed that maybe you were doing the piety racket so as to hold King's business. I told him it was a nasty mean thing to say, that you didn't have to do it, that you had a religious partner. He sneered, and said people had sized my religion up quite a spell ago."

Tully stood at the door fiercely biting his mustache, completely crestfallen and unutterably miserable. He knew how the boys talked, and that he had been one of the loudest and most merciless critics of those who used their religion for an ulterior end. The one virtue he had always assumed had been candor and entire freedom from hypocrisy. He had indeed rather paraded his sins with the idea of teaching his companions that he was not afraid of public opinion, and did not desire to be thought any better than he was.

"I am not very thin-skinned, Killick, but by the gods I can't stand this sort of thing. It seems to knock the manhood clear out of me. I feel as shaky and ashamed as if I had been on a big drunk and was being bailed out of the police station and frightened to go home. The best way to do is to face it; let the boys understand that I am not putting up any religious schemes just yet."

"How are you going to do it?"

"Well, I am going down to the club and take a drink. If there is anybody in there I'll treat the crowd, then the boys will think it is only a joke."

Killick rose quickly from his chair and taking hold of Tully's arm leaned forward and whispered, "*Don't.* If you want a drink come inside and I will give you one and you'll feel better for it, but don't go bumming around the club."

In the other room assisted by the brandy, Tully began to recover.

"Stick right to it," his partner counselled, "you have made a break and where one man will laugh at you fifty will think you a moral hero. It will double your popularity Tully, keep you from spending money, prevent you from getting into habits, which, unless you change will ultimately disqualify you for business, and last and most important, it won't take you a month to get engaged to Miss Browning. After you marry her and get your reputation established a little, you can do pretty nearly as you like and it won't be noticed. It won't be very hard to behave yourself six months or a year, and after that you will be able to afford a little license."

"But the curse of being suspected as a hypocrite! Why, great God, man, I can't stand it for a day, let alone a year."

"But my dear Tully, you will get used to it, get to rather like it after a while. The consciousness of your sincerity and exalted motives together with the applause you will receive from the half of the community which believes in you and these things will be like sweet incense. How much better it will be than any vote of confidence that could be passed in you by a mob of sodden loafers who drink your wine, smoke your cigars, and after you are gone whisper to one another that you are probably spending your clients' money. Give it a fair trial, keep out of the road of those who will jeer at you, till you acquire the strength which will come of appearing in public on the gospel side."

"But Killick, if I meet any of these fellows I'll blush myself to death."

"Oh no you won't, Tully. Bow with cold politeness as if you were cutting the intimacy and could barely condescend to recognize the acquaintance."

Killick's encouragement and two glasses of brandy had at last got Tully's courage screwed up to the sticking point, and he returned to his room determined to utilise the occasion of his public appearance to cut adrift from his old associates.

Who should he find waiting him there but Jimmy Errett, the most consummate wag in the town—his friends used to tell him that it was doubtful whether the monosyllable should begin with a "w" or an "r"—Tully nodded distantly, took his seat, and swung around as if to inquire his caller's business.

"Let me congratulate you, Tully," explained Errett, pulling his chair up closer and extending his hand, which was received but coldly.

"What is the occasion of the congratulation, Errett?"

"Why, Killick told me this morning coming down in the car that you had joined the church; and do you know, Tully, I was real glad to hear it, for you need it pretty nearly as badly as I do."

"That is rather a left-handed compliment, Errett, but I can't say I'm obliged to you for it."

"Confound it, man, don't you know how hard it is for me to say anything like this? I want to tell you that the old crowd won't think any the less of you. It is what a lot of them would do themselves if they had the moral courage to come out."

"I don't say that I have 'come out,' as you call it," answered Tully icily, "but I know that it takes a good deal of moral courage even to be suspected of trying to behave one's self. If a man's so-called friends make such flattering remarks about him as you did about me this morning."

Errett looked up quickly; his face flushed. "I suppose Killick has been telling you what I said. I am heartily ashamed of it and I came around to apologize. After I left him I met Dennis, and I remembered how you took care of him the winter he had his leg broken, and Katie, the flower girl, to whom you have been so good, and it brought back a half-a-dozen instances of your generosity and good-nature, and I said to myself: 'If Tully has joined the Church, he means it,' and I can tell you that I am going to try and brace up myself. If you pull through this thing, you can count on me being the next one. I was full last night, and I have a head on me this morning as big as a barrel, but I think repentance will last even after the headache is gone."

Errett had the reputation of perpetrating jokes of the most outrageous character, and of "stuffing" people, while wearing an air of the gravest sincerity. Tully suspected a trick of cleavoring to get material for a good story at the club, and told him so.

"You can be my friends," continued Tully, "anything you like, but understand one thing, I have not joined the church or made any profession of religion. I have simply consented to join in some meetings because I was asked to by some friends, who, I confess, are anxious to see me living a different life. I didn't expect to achieve so brilliant a success, but I am entirely indifferent to the opinion of those who see fit to criticize me."

"Tully," Errett explained as he rose to go, "don't think I am trying to put up a job on you. I mean just what I say. If I could travel with someone a little stronger than myself, I believe I could act differently. Don't you think if we worked together on this thing it would be easier for us!"

"Errett," cried Tully with returning cordiality, "if I could only believe you! I would like immensely to go into partnership with you in an effort to behave ourselves, but you are such a confounded wag that I can't take you seriously until I have had a little further proof that you are not making fun of me."

"I'll give it to you, Steve, I'll give you all the proof you want. If you see me sitting on the front row to-morrow night applauding for all I am worth, take it seriously. I kind of want to come out and show myself, too."

An hour later Chandler dropped in nominally to see about some law points in a case of his in which Tully was counsel.

"What is this I hear about you, Tully, joining the church and going into gospel work the next day?"

Tully blazed out in a moment: "If you want to know the exact facts, Chandler, I will simply tell you it is none of your damned business."

Chandler merely grinned as he replied: "Well, that sounds, Tully, as if I had been mi-informed. I see the old Adam has not been quite crucified yet."

"No," replied Tully, in sudden and overpowering rage, "if the fool killer were attending to his business, old Adam Chandler wouldn't be alive or his she-an of a wife either. I heard of your courteous remarks this morning, and I have been told, too, of the report that Mrs. Chandler has been so eager to circulate, and I want you to understand that I have had enough of both. As far as I am concerned, the whole Chandler family can go to the devil."

"If we do," retorted Chandler, rising and placing the brief in his inside pocket, "we will expect the pleasure of meeting Mr. Tully there in spite of the transparent hypocrisy with which he is endeavoring to cover up his tracks."

"Very well, Mr. Chandler. Your presence there would but add another terror to the place, and gives me an additional reason for trying to escape it."

In Osgoode Hall in the afternoon Mr. Tully argued a case, but his haughty coldness, while awaiting his turn to speak, repelled any familiarities. Then he spoke with such dignity and force that the judge, who was a kindly old soul, and had noticed the paragraph in the morning papers, went out of his road to compliment him. Tully returned to his office feeling that the new life was not altogether objectionable, and was congratulating himself on the accident which had forced him into it when Miss Cora Burnham tapped at the door and requested a brief interview. There was a hateful look in her face which gave Mr. Tully notice that her visit boded him no good.

"I see you are advertised to sing at the Pavilion to-morrow night," she began.

"Well!"

"I wanted to give you these letters which were sent over here from the newspaper offices. They are in reply to your advertisement for a bookkeeper and stenographer."

"Oh, are they?"

"A newspaper reporter called here a while ago; here is his card. I told him you were out, but to come back to-morrow. He said he wanted to interview you, that he had heard," she added spitefully, "you were going to quit law and go into the pulpit."

"Oh, did he!"

"I didn't know whether you were anxious to be interviewed or not."

"Well, when he comes back you can tell him that my intentions are none of his confounded business."

"I won't tell him anything of the sort unless you promise me that I can keep my situation."

"I told you once before, Miss Burnham, that the sooner your engagement was ended the better for us both. I simply repeat it now," answered Tully, with a feeling of uneasiness.

"At any rate, I don't see what that has to do with the reporter."

"It has very much to do with the reporter, Mr. Tully. If I am to be discharged I will supply him with a very interesting interview with regard to your past conduct."

"So then, you intend to blackmail me," exclaimed Tully, bitterly. "I thought I had expiated my sins against you, if a good-natured attempt to repay a kindness by a profession of love which I discovered to be a mistake is to be called a sin."

"You can call it what you like, Mr. Tully. I propose to stay here and do my duty; and," she added, with a tremor in her voice, "see that you fulfil your promise or suffer the consequence."

"Put the letters in the waste basket, Cora. You may stay, but for God's sake don't torture me with the past. I am sick of it, of myself, of life. Give me a chance to be something better than I have been. If I have wronged you, forgive me, but don't drive me to desperation. If you interfere with me, there is nothing left for me but to leave the city or go to ruin."

There was no forgiveness in her look as she grasped the bundle of letters and left the room.

As he was going home, he dropped into Killick's room and explained: "I suppose it doesn't make any difference to you, Killick, but that Burnham girl is very anxious to remain, and I haven't the heart to send her away."

"That's all right, Tully. It is a matter of indifference to me."

(To be Continued.)

Courting in the Country.

Every lad in the country, no matter how lowly his occupation may be or how small the wages he may earn, makes it a point to own a set of harness and buggy. This, anyway, and, if possible, a horse. If he can't get the horse, however, it doesn't make so much difference, for he can generally manage to borrow an animal of some sort, either from his employer or some neighboring farmer. These things are absolutely essential to the kind of courting he does, and the only one who does not enjoy it is the horse.

When Saturday afternoon comes around the boys may be found hard at work with a bottle of harness polish, making the horse's apparel shine for the regular Sunday turnout. And then a bucket of water and a sponge are called into play, and the buggy is made to look as bright and clean as new. Sunday afternoon everything is in readiness, and decked out in his best suit of clothes, which sometimes fits him, but more often doesn't, he ties a piece of ribbon on his whip, climbs into the buggy and drives off.

Maybe he has a friend from some other point stopping with him, and in that case the friend goes along. The latter is taken to some house along the route where there is a daughter in the family. She is asked whether she expects any caller or not that evening, and if the answer be in the negative the friend is introduced, and left in care of the girl, who treats him just as if they had been life-long friends, and he in turn does his share toward carrying out the presumption. He takes tea with the family, and then is escorted to the parlor, where he and his new-found acquaintance are left alone to entertain each other as they see fit.

In the meantime the buggy owner has driven to his destination. His best girl welcomes him with open arms. A hug, a kiss and a how-do-you-do comprise the salutatory, and then he goes through the same course as the friend whom he left behind. After tea he goes to the parlor, and he and the object of his admiration sit and chat together the whole night long. They don't sit as city folks do, either. They huddle together on a lounge or sofa, and, clasped in each other's arms, sit and coo like a pair of turtle doves. Now no one is there to disturb or embarrass them. The old folks have gone to bed, and the youngsters are alone in their glory. For a time they talk about crops and the weather, and discuss the habits of some mutual acquaintance, and when they have exhausted all the subjects upon which they find it easy to talk they don't go ahead and talk for the sake of saying something, as city folks do, but they remain silent, and sit for hours hugging and kissing each other, until the break of day warns the youth that it is time for him to retire. Then he gives his girl a parting kiss and hug, another kiss and hug for good luck, and takes his departure.

His Close Call.

A New York newspaper man told me not long ago of a laughable experience he had which illustrates a delusion which sometimes prevails with wives as to their husbands' business affairs, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*. This young man who told the story was a telegraph editor on a New York morning paper, and his work as a rule kept him employed at the desk till two or three o'clock in the morning. One night, however, he obtained leave of absence to attend a reception. It was a swell event. Some of the most fashionable people in New York society were there, and among them was the wife of the proprietor of the newspaper on which this young man worked.

Some time during the night he was introduced to his employer's wife, and the lady who introduced him said something about his connection with the paper. The wife of the great editor seemed surprised and said in the course of a brief conversation: "I am surprised that you can get away from your labors, Mr.——. My husband, poor man, is compelled to stay at the office till very late at night almost always."

The young man jumped at this declaration, but he thought it wisest not to tell that trusting wife that her lord and master hadn't been seen in the editorial rooms and after six o'clock in the evening for years.

George Wither says—"Care will kill a cat." This may be true; but give us a boot-jack or a gun, every time.

A Cunning Entrepreneur.

An ingenious manager of a theater has solved the problem how to induce his fair patrons to remove their hats during the performance. He has posted up the following notice:

"Ladies are notified that, although the strict rule of this theater requires them to leave their hats in the cloak-room, those who have arrived at a certain age will hereafter be excused from its observance."

"Oh CHANSON!"

First artist—What on earth are you doing? Where are your clothes?

Second ditto—I've just sold my picture at the Academy, and the purchaser has invited me to call on her, so I'm putting a crease in my trousers.

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.—*Cotton.*

At a Calcutta Reception.

Major McTavish—Mr. Fitch, I want you to know the Rajah of Cawnpohr, one of our most eminent disciples of Brahma.

Mr. Fitch (of Illinois)—Proud to meet you, sir! It's th' best breed that ever laid an egg.—*Judge.*

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54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

Reforming a Husband.

"Stretched out on the sofy in the best parlor," said Aunt Tryphena, "with his heel on the tidy embroidered with a parrot, and his muddy heels on the crochet work! Well, what are men coming to?"

Aunt Tryphena and her niece, Mrs. John Jennings, had just come in from a shopping expedition—an expedition in which they had secured Sixth Avenue, Grand street and the Bowery, paid seventy-five cents in car fare, and succeeded in purchasing two yards of French flannel at three cents a yard less than they would have paid on Broadway, thereby achieving a saving of exactly six cents.

Aunt Tryphena was tall and gaunt and spectacled, with a mouth like a nut-cracker, two little clusters of curls which didn't in the least match her hair, pinned just above her temples, and a bonnet like a soldier's helmet. Mrs. John Jennings was a pretty little woman, with very red cheeks, eyes like black glass beads, and an incipient frown between her jetty brows.

"It won't do!" said she, putting down her shopping bag and parasol fretfully.

"It ain't the way I was brought up—to use the best room every day," said Aunt Tryphena. Mrs. Jennings went into the parlor where her unconscious liege lord was reading the paper.

"Hallo! my love!" said Mr. Jennings. "Back again, eh?"

"John," said Mrs. Jennings, tartly, "can't you read your paper anywhere else than in my parlor?"

"Isn't it mine, too?" cross-questioned Mr. Jennings, with a comical twist of his eyebrows.

"Letting in the sunshine and the flies, and marking up the tidies with your muddy feet!" added the wife, querulously.

"My feet are not muddy, Clara," said Mr. Jennings, curving himself around to get a view of the soles of his boots. "And if I had thought of it I would certainly have removed the tidies."

"And ruined my furniture!"

"My dear, I thought furniture was made for use!"

"Well, it isn't," said Mrs. Jennings, growing illogical in her vexation, and jerked down the Holland shades; "and you must go into the sitting room to read your paper. Aunt Tryphena says that in her house—"

"Aunt Tryphena be hanged!" said Mr. Jennings jumping up and throwing down the paper. "If I can't enjoy myself in my own house, I'll go elsewhere."

And catching his hat from its peg on the hall rack, he strode out of the house. Aunt Tryphena rolled up her gooseberry-colored eyes in pious horror.

"My goodness me!" said she, "what a temper! It's sinful—absolutely sinful! And I do think it's your duty, Clara, to subdue it."

So that, when Mr. Jennings came in to tea his wife received him with solemn silence, and checked every effort at conversation with monosyllabic replies.

"By the way, my dear," said Mr. Jennings, when the unsocial meal was nearly through, "two of my old college friends are at the Brunswick, and I invited them here to dinner on Thursday."

Mrs. Jennings hesitated. Aunt Tryphena dropped her napkin, and in reaching for it brought her head near enough to her niece to whisper sepulchrally:

"My dear, don't begin by opening a free hotel for all your husband's gentleman friends! It'll make a slave of you for life—take my word for it."

And Mrs. Jennings answered:

"On Thursday? It won't be convenient, John. I'm going out myself to spend the day."

Mr. Jennings looked at her for a moment with a curious expression on his face.

"That need make no difference," said he. "I will give my orders to cook."

"Indeed you will not," said Mrs. Jennings, with a toss of the head. "I do not care to have my house made a tavern of during my absence."

"In that case," observed her husband, with great deliberation, "I shall entertain my friends at a restaurant, and drive them up to New Rochelle afterwards."

Aunt Tryphena half closed her eyes, with a little sigh-like gasp.

"If my husband had done such a thing—" said she, spasmodically.

"Mr. Jennings," said Clara, indignantly rising from the table, "I beg you will do no such thing."

Mr. Jennings made no reply, but drew out a cigar case, and coolly lighted a brown, scaly Havana.

"Smoking!" cried Clara, hysterically; "and in my very presense!"

"My love," said Mr. Jennings, "when we were first married you said you didn't object to smoking."

"I've altered my mind since," retorted his wife, pressing a cologne drenched handkerchief to her nostrils, with the air of a persecuted angel.

"My husband never smoke!," observed Aunt Tryphena, apparently addressing the lamp-post across the street.

"He died, didn't he?" said Mr. Jennings, turning with an air of deep interest to his aunt-in-law.

"Of course he died," said Aunt Tryphena, tartly.

"I thought so," said Mr. Jennings. "And I don't wonder. My dear," to Clara, "since you disapprove of the odor of a cigar, I'll take it next door."

And off he walked.

"Clara," said Aunt Tryphena, sepulchrally, this is too much! Who lives next door?"

"Mr. Honeysweet," said Clara. "He was married on the same day that we were. His wife is very pretty."

"Oh!" groaned Aunt Tryphena. "Does she allow smoking in her parlor?"

"Oh, yes," said Clara. "All over the house."

"My dear," said Aunt Tryphena, "your husband is being ruined. You must make a stand."

"How do you mean make a stand?" questioned puzzled Clara.

"You must make him defer to your ideas and wishes a little more. You must teach him that man is not to be a tyrant."

"He—he is a very good husband," said Clara, with a little gurgling sob in her throat.

"Oh, well," said Aunt Tryphena, "if you want to be imposed upon—"

"But what shall I do?" pleaded Clara.

"My dear," said Aunt Tryphena, "make this a test question. Tell Mr. Jennings that if he chooses deliberately to set your wishes at defiance in this matter of New Rochelle and his gay bachelor friends—"

"But I don't know that they are bachelors."

"Bachelors or married men, what does it matter? If, I say, he chooses to set your wishes at defiance, you will leave him!"

"Oh, Aunt Tryphena!"

"You will leave him," repeated Aunt Tryphena.

"But where shall I go?"

"To California," said the old lady. "I'll take you myself. I've a friend there, married to a district judge. But depend upon it, my dear, he'll never let it come to that. He'll knuckle down at once."

But to Aunt Tryphena's surprise, Mr. John Jennings didn't "knuckle down at once."

"Go to California, my love, by all means," said he. "I am told that the climate there is delightful. I hope it will agree with you."

"John Jennings," uttered Aunt Tryphena, hoarsely, "you are a brute!"

"Not at all, Aunt Tryphena," said Mr. Jennings. "I am only a man who means to be the master of his own house. I shall certainly be polite to my old friends, and if Clara objects to it, I can only view her objections with the deepest regret. And as to California, why, as I remarked before, it is a lovely climate and remarkably healthful."

"Clara," said Aunt Tryphena, "if we sail in the Bride of the West, there is no time to lose. Let us go and pack."

Noon in New York Bay—the blue waves all a-sparkle, the sun shining down like a mass of molten gold. The Bride of the West, all decked with flags, was on the eve of starting; the captain bawling out orders; the crew on the *qui vive;* the passengers taking their last adieux of a quarter-deck full of friends who had come to see them off; and Mrs. John Jennings, in an *aqua scutum* cloak, and a travelling hat trimmed with mandarin yellow roses, was sitting nervously by Aunt Tryphena's side.

"Clara," said that superior-minded female, turning severely to her niece, "what are you crying for?"

"Because I—I can't stand it any longer," said Mrs. Jennings, jumping up and letting a dozen lemons which Aunt Tryphena had purchased in view of possible sea sickness, roll all over the deck. "Oh! Aunt Tryphena, I can't leave John! I've treated him shamefully, and I'm going back to tell him so, and beg his pardon."

"Cla-ra!" uttered Aunt Tryphena, in a voice like a bass viol.

"I can't help it, Aunt Tryphena. Oh, yes, yes,"—to the captain—"I want to go ashore before we start! Oh! I hope I'm not too late! Good-bye, Aunt Tryphena. I hope you'll have a pleasant voyage."

The story the baby told the strange cat, and the strange story the cat told the baby.—*Judge.*

He Charged the Soda Fountain.

"Who do you charge with this?" asked the policeman when he found a drug-store man lying bruised and bleeding on his premises.

"The soda fountain," was the faint reply.

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The aristocratic creole lady is often a model for the imitation of her sex. She is an obedient and respectful daughter, a faithful wife and a devoted mother. She is soft of speech, and has a grace of manner which gives a charm to all she does. Well educated and accomplished, with keen wit, she makes a brilliant figure in society, but is, nevertheless, an excellent manager of her household, and gives a most careful supervision to every detail that will enhance the comfort of her lord. She looks diligently after the physical and intellectual welfare of her children. Especially are her daughters trained under her own eyes in all that goes to make women lovely in mind and person. Their tasks for school are conned by her side, their music lessons are practised within her hearing, that she may detect the least false note. She shares in all their amusements, she is their companion, their confidante, their friend. They come to her with all their hopes and fears, sure of her sympathy. When her daughter is grown the creole matron blooms again into a rich second youth; her own girlhood is renewed in that of a child; they are scarcely mother and daughter any longer, but a pair of loving sisters. The young girl is educated in a convent and leads a secluded life until she is launched in society, and then in the joyous life that bursts upon her she is always surrounded by the same watchful care that surrounded her childhood. Young girls are not allowed to go into society without being accompanied by their mothers or some other married lady as chaperon—one of the many creole customs which has been generally adopted by the American residents of New Orleans.

These young girls are often wonderfully beautiful. Good features, handsome eyes and graceful figures combine to make them very attractive, their beauty being not infrequently oriental in type, although their vivacity of manner marks them as essentially French in character. Many creole women are very accomplished. They have a skill in music and painting that is often artistic. In the literary clubs which society women have inaugurated of late years in New Orleans, the American ladies have been astonished to find the creole ladies quite as well posted as themselves in English literature, while possessing a much greater knowledge of the literature of other countries. But an accomplishment still more attractive to the impecunious young man seeking matrimony is the exquisite taste with which these maidens fair will fashion their own gowns and bonnets when circumstances require them to make these things at home. The creole women have inherited the French taste for dress, and, in a greater degree than other Americans, they regard the fiat of Paris as the supreme authority in all matters regarding the toilet. Also, the creole women of all ages and all classes are devout. Neither social engagements, nor weather, nor other obstacles are allowed to interfere with the discharge of their religious duties. Are they not somewhat superstitious? Some of them a little so, perhaps, in remembrance of voudoo stories told them in their infancy by old negro nurses.

The Irish Widow.

"The s'soiety saison's begun, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Well, fwhat uv id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Oh, eshcuse me, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow, "Oi forgot that naither yerself nur Jurry nuver knoo'd nawthin about s'soiety—for fwhich Oi doon't main the A. O. H. ur the young timp'rince s'soiety, but rale bong-tong Hong Kong s'soiety, loike the Vandherbilks an' Hamshlayers an' Goosenicks goes into. There, there, now, me frind, don't get yer dauther up an' go to callin' harrud names, bekase Oi tell ye the truth, fwhich ye can't deny it's uvry wurrid the thruth, too, alther, Mrs. McGlaggerty. But, as Oi sed afore, the s'soiety saison's begun, an' pitty soon we'll be seein' the doobants makin' their bows to their frinds."

"An' fwhat are doobants, Mrs. Magoogin?" the neighbor inquired.

"Doobants," said the widow; "Doobants, Mrs. McGlaggerty, be Frinch, wid th' imphasis an to the bants; an' it manes th' young gerruls that comes out in s'soiety in dollyket dhresses an' wid rosies in their cossets an' lukin-glass dolmunds in their hair, an shtan's roun' catchin' cowld in their bare showlders fwhile a pack av impty-headed jooda make moongs at thim loike so many monkeys. Soometoimes they call thim roseboods, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but my Tammy, who has a wurrud fur uv'rything, calls thim chippies. It's very shwell, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, to be a doobant an' to have doobants in the fam'ly. The only thing me daughter Toozy is sorry for fwhin she luks back to her gerruhood is that she wasn't a doobant an' didn't make her daybut in the rale bong-tong shtyle; but d'ye moind, Mrs. McGlaggerty, this doobant bezniss is English an' comes from Cune Victory, an' not fwhoile a dhrap av Oirish blud biles in Bordie Magoogin's brains 'll she uver permit anybody belongin to her to do any doobantin' in her shanty. No sirree, Bob, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Besoides, as Tammy sez, sff Toozy war to thry to doobant an Cherry Hill the goats id ait the fringes aff the joods' pantilettes, an' as there can't be anny doobantin' widout rale loive joods to give it a claw—fwhich is Frinch, fwhativer id manes—we'd all be in the soup, an' thin fwhat id we do? Divil a wan av me knows, Mrs. McGlaggerty!"

Too Personal.

They were going to have company and she was suggesting the menu.

"We can have oysters on tongue for one course," she observed.

"I never heard of such a dish," he remarked.

"Didn't you? It's a very good one all the same," she said.

"I suppose if I get the oysters you can furnish the tongue?" he inquired innocently.

Then he wondered why she slammed the door so viciously.

Not so Talkative.

"Fifty cents, please," said the hotel clerk to the lady who had been using the telephone.

"I thought the charge was only ten," she replied.

"Yes," he returned. "But that is the rate for men, you know."

Delicate Scales.

Guide—Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these weights are so delicate they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair.

Tourist (opening memorandum book)—And which weighs the less?

Guide—The lighter one.

Her Qualifications.

Lady (engaging maid)—Have you any recommendations?

Maid—None, mum, fxcept me beauty, me luvly form and me knowledge of the Hinglish langvidge.

(Not engaged.)

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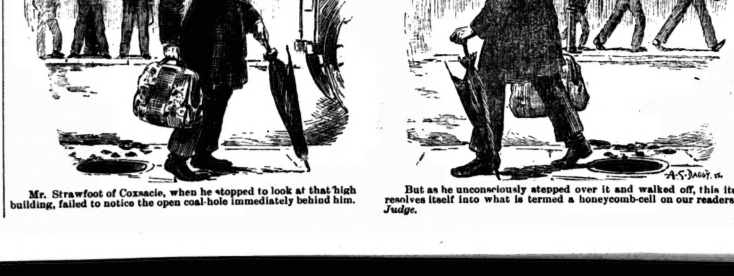
John R. Edwards, Professor of Chemistry, Montreal, says, "I find them to be remarkably sound ales, brewed from pure malt and hops."

With an Apology for the Deception



Mr. Strawfoot of Coxsacie, when he stopped to look at that high building, failed to notice the open coal-hole immediately behind him.

But as he unconsciously stepped over it and walked off, this item resolves itself into what is termed a honeycomb-cell on our readers.—*Judge.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, DEC. 1, 1888. [No. 1

Our First Birthday.

SATURDAY NIGHT has enjoyed its birthday and, with this number, enters upon another year's work as an aspirant for the favor of the public. The dangerous period of journalistic infancy has been safely passed, and this thriving youngster has been short-coated, weaned, and has already learned to stand upon its feet.

Not in the spirit of boasting, but simply as one relating a fact, it may be said that the record of this paper is a practical demonstration of the fact that a society paper may be conducted in a manner that is distinctly removed from aught approaching offensiveness. The best proof of this lies in the hearty manner in which all classes of the community have supported the efforts of the editor and his staff.

SATURDAY NIGHT is essentially the paper of the Hearth and the Home. Within its columns may be found something of interest to each member of the home circle, and its career enables its promoters to view the past with satisfaction, and the future with a confidence born of the knowledge that the conductors of the paper have been true to the trust that has been reposed by the people of Canada in their keeping.

The Matinee Masher.

Missed for a brief season—but not forgotten—only absent for a while, the outside ornament of the matinee is with us again, and, alas! more numerously than ever. In days of old he was much affected by the ornaments of our monetary institutions, but of late years he has considerably altered the order of his going. As a matter of fact, his going at the present day doesn't amount to much, and smacks more of slow freight than lightning express, although the impression he seeks to make on the observer is a rapidity that is calculated to knock the latter endwise. No one is deceived with such prettiness, for every one knows his gait and smiles at the transparent illusion excited by a circumscribed salary and limitless self-esteem. Crushing a butterfly, however, is sorry work, and the matinee masher is more harmless than vicious. He has only arrived a little before he is due. Gaze not upon him, oh reader, with the eye of scorn, for this mashing at the theater door every Saturday afternoon is incidental to callow youth just as the measles, the mumps and the chicken-pox are incidental to childhood. By and bye he will tumble to the situation, and will chuckle softly when he gazes in the days to come at his unfledged successor—for the good work will go bravely on for all time—and will wonder if some exmasher ever recognized him in those early days when he was an humble private in the ranks of the matinee mashers.

Lotteries.

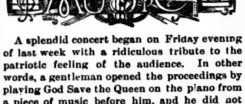
A cobbler in Paris awoke the other morning to the knowledge that an investment of some two hundred francs had secured to him the winning number in De Lesseps' Panama lottery scheme. What will be the ultimate result of this sudden accession of good fortune on the son of St. Crispin, it is not for us to say. Most people would be willing to suffer with him and take their chances as to the future. This is all very well for lucky cobblers, but who ever hears of the thousands upon thousands who scan the winning figures in vain for the numbers they had fondly imagined would bring to them fame and fortune.

In Ontario, the law speaks in no uncertain tone regarding lotteries, but the amount invested here in lottery tickets is more than many imagine. Hardly a week passes in which this paper is not in receipt of correspondence on this subject. The men engaged in lottery schemes have human nature down pretty finely, and shrewd advertisements, well placed in widely-read papers, tell of lucky winners and how they received the news of their good fortune in a manner that excites the desire of the reader to go and do likewise.

One would think but little reasoning is required to convince any thinking man or woman how small the chances are for those who risk their money in such ventures. One man's chance is, of course, as good as another's; but somehow it is always the other man who comes out ahead.

Beauty and Intellect.

The average author never dreams of permitting his heroine to be anything but beautiful. He is not satisfied with allowing mere worth to triumph over beauty. He may start conscientiously with assuring you that his heroine is not strictly beautiful, but before many pages he will find it impossible not to mention, casually her very fine eyes, or her delicate mouth, or her generally attractive expression. Charlotte Bronte's revolt, when she determined to inerest the world in a heroine who should be poor and small and plain was in truth a success because of its audacity; yet few readers of Jane Eyre have not marvelled at fastidious Rochester's strange infatuation, and authors following in Miss Bronte's footsteps generally come to grief. It is idle to deny the truth: in fiction, at least, beauty is indispensable. But it is not sufficient to be told that a heroine is beautiful, with every detail of eyes and hair and complexion, till no other impression of her is intended to be left on our mental retina but that of a young woman supremely lovely. She must be made charming to the reader, who is not content to be influenced solely by the author's ecstacy; and just here the higher art of story writing comes in, turning romance into apparent realism and the beauty of imagination into a living, bewitching woman.



A splendid concert began on Friday evening of last week with a ridiculous tribute to the patriotic feeling of the audience. In other words, a gentleman opened the proceedings by playing God Save the Queen on the piano from a piece of music before him, and he did not play it very well either. Now, is not this absurd? It is all right for a concert to close with the National Anthem, or for an oratorio society to open with it, in order that the continuous effect of a work may not be marred, but for a concert by four artists to open with a piano solo of our great hymn seems fatuous, as there is no visible reason for it, and as it is simply a nuisance to have to rise in one's seat, when one was barely settled down in it. In addition to this the concert did not commence until half-past eight, there were long waits, and the end was not until a quarter to eleven.

But this growl about finishes any fault-finding, for the universal verdict was that it was a perfect concert, and so it was, from an artistic point of view. Miss Emma Juch was never in better voice, and never in more sympathetic vein. The smoothness, evenness of register, volume, richness and fulness of voice which go to make the perfect singer were all present, and the lady's lovely appearance and the sympathetic rendering of her songs made her performance one of the finest ever heard in Toronto. To crown all, she is gifted with that rare and priceless boon—a true ear, so that her intonation is perfect. The pathos of her Knowest Thou the Land, the longing for that country, of which only the dim memory of childhood remains, was inimitable. She was just as effective in the brilliant Jewel Song, and the little Roslein auf der Haide and Annie Laurie but added to her success.

Miss Hope Glenn has a contralto voice of singular purity and evenness, and she has a certain magnetism in her rendition which is even stronger than the charm of her voice. When she was here before, some five years ago, there was a stronger individuality and less reserve in the voice, and I must confess that she pleased me better then. It may be that voices, not being like fiddles and wine, do not improve with the march of time. Miss Glenn also suffers from an undeniable artificiality of manner. But she gave noble renderings of the Three Fishers and of Beethoven's Creation's Hymn. Her Jock o' Hazeldean and Answer were just a trifle too light and airy for so dignified a woman.

Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg when I first heard him was a boy of marvellous promise, and I think that the promise is well fulfilled. His tone has a wonderful breadth and certainty of intonation. Whether loud or soft it is still the same. Executive difficulties there are none for him. His style and taste are perfect, if one overlooks a trifle of coldness in expression. The breadth of phrasing in the Scarlet Parafan was a revelation, and the double stopping he did surpassed anything I have heard since Wilhelmj was here. Mme. Carreno was in perfect touch with the excellence of her surroundings, and, great as her successes have been, she never played better in Toronto than she did on this occasion. From the thunderous Sixth Rhapsodie to her own pretty intermezzo and the graceful allegro from McDowell's Suite, she presented the same contrasts of force and elegance as ever.

Rather different was the concert given on Monday evening at the Permanent Exhibition by the Beacon Orchestral Club. This club is composed of seven young ladies, who look very well and attractive as they play a programme of no particular force. They play fairly well, but I am afraid that they will never make a great reputation for themselves. There is no strength in the playing, and little force or light and shade. Their solo attempts are fair, but the cornet player loses points of phrasing that are both traditional and pleasing, and the flautist plays slowly when she comes to difficult passages of double-tonguing. Still, though their concerts present no great musical value, they offer a pleasant means of passing an evening.

METRONOME.

Old England.

For Saturday Night.

What a fascinating story
Is old England's growth and glory,
Her age, her wealth, her wisdom and renown!
With her courtly, knightly manners
All emblazoned on her banners—
Her chivalric achievement handed down!

From those days of joust and tourney
She has gone a lengthy journey,
And has trod the rugged road without a fall;
And though foes have often met her,
And some traitors, too, beset her,
She is vigorous and hale in spite of all!

Such a kindly, dear old *mater!*
Only renegades could hate her,
Think! the many million children she has fed!
And when dread foes expecting,
They've sought her arms protecting,
How she shielded them, and fought, and wept, and bled!

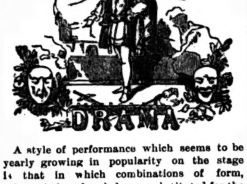
Though sometimes by such fierce dealing,
Her deep wounds were long in healing,
And herself and children suffered dire distress,
Still they from such defection
Felt a more sublime affection,
Then sweet peace and plenty met in fond caress.

And many a time and often
Would her heart to pity soften
At th' oppression of a race in other lands;
Until poor pity sympathy
With wrath indignant burning,
She burst for ever slavery's cruel bands!

Let the curious cynic rover
Search the world's broad surface over,
There's not a piece of land that claims a name,
But in some way or other,
She is parent or step-mother,
And there they fear or venerate her name!

Be her politicians drur ken,
Or her iron-clads all sunken,
Her fortresses dismantled and spik'd her guns—
Were it so—with worse impending,
She would find some warm defending
In th' affection and the valor of her sons.

R. P. CROOKENDEN.



A style of performance which seems to be yearly growing in popularity on the stage is that in which combinations of form, color, mirth and melody are substituted for the portrayal of human emotions. A light plot of some kind is hinted at, so to speak, and made a pretext for the introduction of a succession of striking pictures—a series of dissolving views, as it were, but animate with graceful and rhythmical motion, dazzling with many tints and melodious with music and song. The scenery is rich with the splendor of the orient and the luxuriant vegetation of a sunny clime. These bowers are peopled with pretty girls, airily attired, who display the rounded graces of their forms in the dance, pose in artistically-arranged groups or perform intricate evolutions to the music of the orchestra. Every mechanical device is employed that serves to produce a striking effect and makes the illusion more perfect. Everything is done to present a picture as unreal and withal as fascinating as those enchanted lands that exist only in the poet's imagination.

But so much beauty of sight and sound is too rich for the average human being. That he may not become surfeited with sweetness, dashes of fun are interjected at frequent intervals. These humorous touches, the gags and comicalities of the funny men, relieve and give a zest to the dreamy and sensuous action of the chorus.

Of such is Penelope, the burlesque which was played by Lydia Thompson and her company at the Grand Opera House the first three nights of this week. It is a travesty on the story of the Odyssey. Proctor Knott, in his famous speech on Duluth, in the United States House of Representatives, said, "He knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius on the fall of Troy, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth." Must it not be a greater cause of grief to the old man's spirit to see his beloved hero, Ulysses—the story of whose wanderings had often earned him his bread and butter in the villages by the Euxine Sea thirty centuries ago—caricatured by an Amazon in flesh-colored tights, who jokes about the late presidential election across the line?

Seriously speaking, Lydia Thompson's company is an excellent one, and was well received by the large audiences that assembled to witness the performances. Miss Thompson's Ulysses and Miss Jenoure's Penlope were both acted gracefully and well. The scenery was good, and the costumes, what there was of them, beautiful. The music and the action were lively and spirited throughout, and that the jokes were still wet with dew speaks volumes in the company's favor.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. Henry E. Dixey, in the burlesque of Adonis, will play the part of the statue come to life. Adonis is called a burlesque, but it is really half a dozen burlesques rolled into one. There is a mixture of Hazel Kirke, a little of Olivette, The Merry War, Henry Irving, and Samuel of Posen in it, and everything is funny. Dixey seems to be able to do anything. His caricatures, patter songs, recitations, and grand ballet seem to keep the audience in roars during the whole evening. Adonis makes you laugh, and laughter, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

On account of the false impression which was created by the suppression of certain lithographs of the Theodora company the audiences which were attracted to the Toronto Opera House the first few evenings of this week seemed utterly unfit or unwilling to appreciate the play that was presented to them. Something of the Lydia Thompson kind of show was what they expected to see, with, perhaps, the characteristic points of such a performance more prominently brought out and exhibited with a more reckless abandon. When no dancers appeared, when no den of living lions met their startled gaze, when they were shown a tragedy the plot of which was laid among a people and in a period of time with which they were little acquainted, they had not manners enough to conceal their disappointment, and the most dramatic scenes, acted with much power, were marred to those who could appreciate them by vulgar and mocking exclamations. The time of the play is in the latter days of Roman supremacy. Justinian occupies the throne of the Cæsars. He has become enamored of and married a circus girl named Theodora. By means of her boldness and strategy he retains his crown, but his cruelty and cowardice excite her contempt. About this time she is rescued by Fabian from a band of ruffians, and is loved by him. He does not know that she is the empress, and is all the while forming a conspiracy to assassinate the emperor and place a rival on the throne. Marcellus and Fabian make the attempt. Marcellus is captured and wounded, while Fabian escapes unrecognized through the assistance of Theodora. Lest he should be forced by torture to confess the name of his accomplice, Marcellus begs of the empress to kill him. In desperation she does so and leaves her small dagger in his heart, where it is found by friends of the conspirators who pull the body out of the river. Fabian's anger is aroused by the thought that the woman had killed his friend. He attempts an unsuccessful revolt, is wounded and is found in the circus by Theodora. She confesses her love, but he spurns her from him, drinks a draught of poison and dies. Theodora flings herself heart-broken on his lifeless body and the curtain falls.

There are many strong dramatic points in this play. The climaxes, with the exception of one or two which could be left out with advantage, are impressive. The part of Theodora is one which requires much ability to carry it through successfully, and, considering the effect of an unsympathetic audience on a player, the acting of Miss McAllister is worthy of much commendation, and indicates powers which, when cultivated, will give her a good standing among tragic actresses. She was ably supported by William F. Clifton as Fabian. The rest of the company is above the average.

Next week the romantic Irish play, True Irish Hearts, will occupy the boards at the Toronto Opera House. The merits of this play are too well known in Toronto to need any further recommendation.

LOBBY CHATTER.

A stare case—an opera-glass.

Albani is to make a concert tour of the United States and Canada this winter.

Emma Abbott and her opera company are making the melodies of The Yeoman of the Guard known to San Franciscans this week.

An exchange says that Lydia Thompson was a favorite with our fathers. We always suspected the old man had leanings in that direction.

The Duff Opera Company will shortly produce a new operetta entitled Paola—a parody on the Corsican vendetta—with Lillian Russell in the title role.

Mrs. Langtry thinks that she is a tragedienne. That's why she will play Lady Macbeth when she goes to the Fifth Avenue Theater in January. Charles Coghlan will be the Macbeth, and he is to superintend the staging of the play.

A new Irish sensational drama called Colleen Dhas Machree is described as having fifteen characters, a mill stream, a lake of real water, a gunpowder explosion and a man of-war. The glory of the shillelagh and the shamrock has departed.

The *Mirror's* dramatic critic, speaking of Nellie Farren's company in Monte Cristo, Jr., says it is a revelation in English burlesque, and places it far above the performances of Lydia Thompson's and other English troupes of the same class. Nellie Farren is nearly fifty years of age.

It is related of the late John Clayton, the son-in-law of Dion Boucicault, that he was once implored by a young author to read a play. Mr. Clayton received the play and evidently read it, for the aspiring playwright was handed the following letter a few days after:

"DEAR SIR—I have read your play—Oh, my dear sir! Yours, J. C."

Big hearted and good-natured Johnnie Bengough, editor and caricaturist of *Grip*, is the author of a comedy and a comic opera, neither of which have so far been behind the footlights. The former is founded on F. W. Anstey's popular novel, A Tinted Venus, and was written before the comedietta of that name was prepared for Rosina Vokes and before Richard Golden came out with Scrape the Barber, another adaptation of Anstey's story. While the basic idea is the same, the construction is materially different, Mr. Bengough having adhered more closely to the spirit of Mr. Anstey's tale. The comic opera is called Puff & Co., and deals with the idiosyncrasies of the dry goods trade, satirizing good-humoredly modern business methods. Puff & Co. needs a score and both pieces need a manager with money enough to put them properly before the public. It is a somewhat singular thing that while there are shoals of bright young Canadians who can write pretty fair verse and are capable of grinding out a tolerably bad libretto for a comic opera, there is scarcely any one known of competent to write a proper score. And yet we are a musical people. Or are we?

The Waste Basket.

No matter how good a man may be, when he ships as a seaman he gets into a mess.

It takes a maiden of thirty-three to confess that she is not so bitterly set against smoking after all.

A colored man, a hen roost and a dark night discount all the affinities known to chemical science.

Nurse—Can I put baby in the crib, ma'am? Mother—No, doggie is in the crib. Wait till doggie has had his nap.

First dame—I had four teeth extracted yesterday. Second dame—Indeed, I did not know you had so many left.

Hotel Proprietor (jocosely)—How is your pulse this morning? Bogus Baron (who intends to skip his board-bill)—Still on the beat—still on the beat.

Bride (to literary husband)—I have just made my first pound cake. Husband (eagerly)—Give me a piece, dear; I'm just in want of a paper weight. Bride—Bo-hoo-oo.

At the horse show. Miss de Jenkyns (distractedly)—Oh! mon cher Mr. Van Klack, have you seen ma mere? Mr. Van Klack—Why, Miss de Jenkyns, I thought it was a horse.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think marriage is a means of grace?" "Certainly; anything is a means of grace that breaks up pride and leads to repentance." Scene closes with a broom.

"You fellows charge a very high price for pulling teeth," said a real estate dealer to a dentist. "Oh, I don't know about that," was the confident reply. "we only charge a dollar an acher."

Little Ted—I tell you, you can't have two grandmothers. Li tle Fred—Well, I know I've got two, for they both come to our house. Little Ted—Well, then, they must have been twins.

"My dear young lady," said a gushing artist to her, "you are positively lovely! Wouldn't you like me to do you in oil?" "Sir," exclaimed her father's pride, indignantly, "do you take me for a sardine?"

In the drawing-room after dinner. (They are discussing feminine peccadillos in general). Miss Oldame (in a burst of generosity)—I say women are worse than they were fifty years ago! Miss Pert—Ah, you remember!

In the Garden at Lenox. Mrs. Golightly—Have you seen anything of Harry? Major Ponderous—I heard him say something about going in pursuit of knowledge. Mrs. Golightly—Ah! That means he is after the governess.

Friendly Fritz—You vas go by Chicago oudt, aindt it? Passenger (on train)—Yes. Friendly Fritz—I pen dere. Dots pesser you vas pen garewl abound dot vater dere. Ofe you don'd vand doo ket peek, you trinks uone ofe dot vater dill you ket used mit him.

What My Lover Said.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it.
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
How the clover lifted its pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said!
Oh, the clover in bloom—I love it!

In the high wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low wet leaves hurry over;
But I could not pass on either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
Wh! e he closed the path before me;
And he looked down into mine eyes and said—
How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!

Had he moved aside but a little way
I could surely then have passed him;
And he knew I could never wish to stay,
And would not have heard what he had to say
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind found us;
But he drew me nearer and softly said—
How the pure, sweet wind grew still instead,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the whispering wind around us!

I am sure that he knew when he held me fast
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dews at last,
And the sky with its stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
How the stars crept out when the white moon fled,
To listen to all that my lover said.
Oh, the moon and stars in glory!

I know that the grass and leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well,
That no being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover.
And the moon and the stars that looked over
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the chill,
In the path through the dewladen clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

A Letter from Home.

I'm sitting here thinking of you,
Three thousand miles over the sea,
And I'm stealing a moment or two
To drop you a line at Paree,
To tell you we miss our sweet bird,
Who has chosen bright France for her cage
And where some now by strangers is heard,
While between us the fierce billows rage.

At home, dear, beat hearts that are true,
And while writing the thought comes to me,
There is one that beats only for you,
For you far across the blue sea.
And I know, while he hears with delight
Of your graces and triumphs afar,
That without you his life is all slight,
And the thought of you, dearest, its star.

Well, how are you getting along?
And what do you think of Paree?
And what is your latest new song?
And when will you sing it for me?
So next year you make your debut,
And bow to the critics of France?
Just save me a ticket or two;
I'll order them now in advance.

Your triumph I'm sure will be great.
Just think of the laurels you'll win.
The number of hearts that you'll break,
My dear, when you've once started in!
You'll soon become rich and renowned,
And many will bow at your feet;
With glory you'll surely be crowned—
Your triumphs will then be complete.

But let not success turn your brain;
Just give a kind thought, now and then,
To those who are over the main,
And longing to see you again,
Who eagerly watch for the word
The next mail may bring them, perchance,
That tells how our own little bird
Is turning the heads of all France.

I think I can see you that night,
As the curtains rolls up on the scene;
The beautiful forms and the light,
And you sitting spinning, I ween.
I hear the grand burst of applause
That comes when you've ended your song,
And I see you so happy because
You have pleased that wonderful throng.

And I trust, as you stand there a queen,
So proud and so happy and glad,
With the glitter and music between
The world that is sometimes so sad,
That you'll send, by an angel of love,
A message to Him who gives all,
And thank the kind Father above,
Who listens whenever you call.

RUTH MCKENZIE.

Regret.

Friends depart and memory takes them
To her caverns pure and deep,
And a forced smile only wakes them
From the slumbers where they sleep.
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers;
It was with them I met there last.
Weave me not springy early flowers,
They will remind me of the past.
Music sounds like mournful wailing
In the halls where we have met.
Youth's gay call is unavailing—
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light;
He would rather watch the embers
Of a flame that once was bright.
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach, oh, teach me to forget.

One nuisance Father Adam missed
In the brave old days of yore,
He wasn't asked by Mother Eve,
"Have you ever loved before?"

Jack seldom wears his dressing-gown,
You ask me "Why?"—it maybe!—
Because the pattern is so loud
It always wakes the baby.

Intestate died that miser Flint,
Who lived like a hermit—alone,
Intestate, yes, but none deny
He'd always a *will* of his own.

H. K. C.

"Papa feels the affair very keenly," wrote a daughter of Lord Sackville to a friend in New York (if we are to believe *Truth* of New York, which I confess I generally *do not*), "and I don't think he will get another night's rest until he is once more on the ocean, bound for dear old England."

It *was* rather rough on the old diplomat who has been so often in the near neighborhood of back alley politics, and, after all, has been caught napping by a scheme as flimsy as it is rascally. An English politician one may trust—as far as one can see him—but the politician Americanus, like the *Mephitis putorius*, is altogether to be avoided by the diplomat who desires to keep the skirts of office wholesome.

Says the Detroit *Free Press*, "It is rather a singular coincidence that the English ambassador should sail by the Westphalia." This is intended for a *mot*, but, alas for its ill fortune, Lord Sackville sailed in La Bourgogne, of the Havre line, accompanied by Miss West and the Chamberlains.

An eyesore that has vexed the public vision for many years has at length been removed, and the Horticultural Gardens are now, in every sense of the word, thrown open to the public. Of all gifts to the citizens by private individuals I don't think there is one for which we should feel more grateful than this, and thousands of mothers have had reason to bless the man whose generosity has provided their little ones with such a pleasant spot, where they may romp and tumble to their heart's delight! With the pulling down of the palings at the Gardens there appears one gentleman on the scene who is bound to get his work in, and that is the individual who delights in short cuts from corner to corner. He is already in full bloom, and it is safe to affirm that two narrow pathways will soon be visible to the naked eyes, the one extending from the north west to the south-east, and the other from the north-east to the south-west boundaries.

The man who goes out between the acts has received a fair amount of attention from the funny press-men, and every now and then a wave of popular indignation threatens to carry him out of the business altogether. Now all this may do very well for a momentary newspaper flutter, but the man who goes out has also something which entitles him to the floor. There is a social obligation resting on the habitual theater-goer. People do not go to the theater to see the play only—they want to see the play certainly, but they also want to see one another. Why does a really first-class theater provide smoking rooms, ladies' parlors and foyers? The modern theatrical habitue very properly objects to sitting in a semi-upright position in an iron chair for nearly three mortal hours when he wants to speak to an old friend five rows off. He wants, it maybe, to shake hands with an acquaintance in a box. He may want to drive away the pangs of cramp in the knees, and the scent of the tube-roses, Florida water and Patchouli from his nostrils. It is also barely possible he may want to brace up with a B and S for the next act.

Every one knows the tendency (and a very proper one it is too) of first-nighters to meet in the foyer, socially, and exchange views about the play. It is one of the charms of the theater that you can meet bright acquaintances there and have a few pleasant words with them. I know that the individual who goes out between the acts is generally suspected of drinking gin and water, or something of the sort—than which nothing is more unjust. If men are to take their choice between sitting upright on those cruel seats at the close of each act, and being suspected of incipient intoxication on their return when the curtain rises, most men will prefer to be the victims of misapprehension.

One hundred thousand dollars profit on an investment of sixty dollars is more than the wildest outside broker would dare to promise his client. Yet this is what Lherant, a cobbler of the Rue d'Antin, Paris, has earned beyond the possibility of a doubt. A month ago he was poorer than the oft-quoted church mouse, but the lucky drawing of a piece of paper with 262,478 marked on it entitles this son of St. Crispin to the big prize of the Panama lottery loan.

Since then peace has been a stranger to him. Applications for money poured in by the first post; so did offers of marriage—but all to no purpose. Lherant is a philosopher as well as a lucky cobbler of thirty four, and has wisely concluded there is more beauty as well as satisfaction just at present in the single life. He also considers that no man can reasonably expect to draw more than one lottery prize in a lifetime.

Hanlan's star has waned and O'Connor's is in the ascendant. On Monday next the new champion will be home, and a big attempt will be made to resume the old triumphal processions which used to mark the return of the Inland sculler, whose colors have been lowered again this week by an Australian oarsman. Let us be sensible in this matter, by giving a sensible reception to the lad who has done so well—but don't let us overdo the thing.

ST. GEORGE.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office).

El. Teb (City) writes: (1) I have just received an invitation to the wedding of a young lady at whose house I have been an occasional caller for three years past. Should I send a present to the bride? If so, does the fact of my parents (who will also be guests) sending a present excuse me? (2) Please explain (for the benefit of many other readers besides myself) the social entertainment called a "paper chase." Answer—(1) If you accept the invitation, not otherwise, you are, according to the present absurd custom, expected to make a present, unless you are under 18. Your parents' present would save you in the latter event. (2) By referring to the society column of last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, you will understand what a paper chase is. As a general rule the hounds are on foot.

I. Fairbairn (St. Catharines).—O'Connor, the oarsman, is a Canadian of Irish descent.

Gladys (City).—Your letter reached us too late for reply last week. We are under the impression that the last voyage of Lady Brassey has not been published yet. With regard to your former question, we cannot say whether the Duke of Norfolk has been married once or twice. A desperate attempt has been made by sensational American papers to marry him off to a Baltimore lady, for which there is not the slightest foundation.

Bereaved (Hamilton).—The strict etiquette of widow's mourning is that it should last for a year and a day, but people usually wear much the same style of dress the second year as the first, if elderly; younger widows mitigate the severity of crape, but often still wear very deep mourning. Young women give up the cap, but keep to collars and cuffs very often, the same hemmed muslin as at first. But all this is, of course, a matter of individual feeling. For the second year the usual custom is to have the dress heavily hemmed with crape for six months, then the crape is lightened after nine months, plain black at two years, half mourning for six months. This is what custom says.

Escort (Toronto) asks: When making a morning, or rather, an afternoon call, is it proper to leave one's hat and stick in the hall or take them into the drawing-room? Answer—Take them with you into the drawing-room, certainly. An umbrella may be left in the hall.

Puzzled One (City).—We have carefully considered your question, which is a little puzzling at first sight. B gets married first, and A cannot call on her because she lives in Hamilton. Then A gets married, and is out of the visiting radius for B. A now comes for a visit to B's neighborhood, and who is to call first? B should call first, for two reasons. In the first place, she is a resident, and in the country a resident always calls on a visitor; in the second place, A is a bride, so older brides must call on her.

Gossip About Women.

Miss Katherine P. Wormeley, the brilliant translator of Balzac, is the daughter of Rear-Admiral Ralph R. Wormeley of the British Navy, and her maternal grandfather was a brother of the American Commodore Preble. During the civil war, Miss Wormeley was an official of the Sanitary Commission on the Potomac, and she has embodied her experience in a book which will be published soon.

Mrs. M. H. Garnet Barboza (colored) recently addressed a meeting at the Manchester (Eng.) Town Hall, on the social and educational condition of Liberia. Mrs. Barboza is the principal of a school in the negro republic of Liberia, and is visiting England in order to obtain sufficient funds to increase the existing accommodation, and develop the training which is given to the native women.

Mrs. Mary Labouchere, wife of the editor of London *Truth*, whose contributions to the *World* in the shape of foreign letters are familiar to all its readers, is an ardent politician, and shares the advanced liberal views of her husband. Latterly she has been making political speeches in England to the accompaniment of the most enthusiastic applause from her hearers.

Princess Sophie, the youngest sister of the German Emperor, and the prospective bride of Constantine, Duke of Sparta and heir to the Greek throne, is not pretty, but attractive. She has a round, fresh face, and looks a little like her grandmother, Queen Victoria, and a good deal like her father, the late Emperor Frederick.

Mrs. Mattie McClellan Brown, vice-president of the Cincinnati Women's College, was one of the founders of the Prohibition party, and as a leader among the Good Templars helped sow the seed of the present movement when most of those now engaged in the W. C. T. U. were not temperance workers.

Two young Canadian journalists, Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan and Miss Lily Lewis, are now in Japan, and intend to write up social life there as they see it. They have letters of introduction from high English officials, and a readable book will probably be the result of their trip.

Dr. Caroline S. Rodgers of Rochester, N.Y., has been appointed examining physician of the female department of the State Industrial School. This is the first instance of a woman physician receiving such an appointment. She is about thirty-five years of age, and is a native of Rochester.

Miss Lida A. Churchill, author of the popular book, Jay Girls, and other works, is one of Maine's brilliant women, her old home being in New Gloucester. Miss Churchill now lives at Valley Falls, Rhode Island. She is still young and promises much good work for the future.

Princess Eugenie of Sweden sacrificed her family jewels to build a hospital upon an island off the coast, where poor cripples might be nursed and healed. Her brother, the king, thought her crazy to sell all the crown jewels that had fallen to her share.

Marshal Bazaine's first wife died in France. His second, who was a Mexican, and whose devotion to him on his escape was so remarkable, is in her own country, where she was recalled some time ago by private affairs.

Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas' Hospital, in London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof.

Mrs. Rebecca Taylor, the mother of Bayard Taylor, is alive and hearty. She recently made a visit to West Chester, Pa., to see the memorial window placed in the public library in honor of her son.

Constance Frederica Gordon-Cummings, traveler and author, gets $250 a year from the British civil list, in consideration of her literary merits.

Queen Patience, wife of King Ja Ja, recently visited England on her way to join her husband at St. Vincent. She is only 18 years old, and speaks English very well.

Mrs. R. H. S. Townsend of New York has begun the erection of a chapel and library for Bellevue Hospital, which will cost $10,000.

Several women in New York made a living by going from house to house combing, washing and caring for the hair of other women.

The Princess Sophia of Prussia is learning Greek, and the Crown Prince of Greece is helping her. They are to be married.

Madame Christine Nilsson is an honorary member of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York.

Miss Ames, daughter of the governor of Massachusetts, is said to look wonderfully like the Princess of Wales.

The Queen Dowager and Regent of Spain has just celebrated her thirtieth birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Eliza S. Boyd of Laramie, Wyoming, was the first woman foreman of a jury.

The St. Louis Hygienic College of Physicians and Surgeons has a woman as dean.

Mrs. Sheridan will enlarge her cottage at Nonquitt and spend her summers there.

Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, is said to be writing a psychological novel.

The Empress of Japan is an earnest student of modern European languages.

Over one hundred women were granted patents last year by the U. S. Government.

Girls are employed as shingle packers in the mills at Bay City, Mich.

Lucy Larcom was an Illinois school teacher in pioneer days.

Women edit five newspapers in Louisiana.

Jugglers' Tricks.

"I started operations when I was but six years old, playing with the eggs my mother intended for her puddings," says a juggler to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter. "These I would throw in the air, catching them on a plate, always with the same result—a smash. This was really my first start. I always juggle with common things, for the simple reason that people go home and try to do it themselves. They will then find out how very difficult an apparently easy trick is. You must commence with small brass balls, making a start with a single ball in the left hand. Every throw leads the start is made with the left hand, it is the more uncertain of the two, and training alone will make it as sure and safe as the right. Now, I will give you a rule for throwing knives in the air. If I have half a dozen I propel one with just sufficient force to give it half a turn, another gets a whole turn, a third gets a turn and a half, a fourth two turns. I catch them all by the handle.

"One of the best of my many juggling feats is the egg and cannon ball. I catch first one and then the other on a plate. I learned by experience just to time the arrival of the egg on the surface of the plate, and I gather it up gently while it is falling. So it really slips on of its own accord. It is just the same with the cannon ball, though it weighs thirty-three pounds.

"Paul Cinquevalli is doing a very pretty trick now with a cigar and holder. After a little preliminary in the way of throwing the two about, the holder suddenly drops into the mouth, the cigar finding its way into the holder shortly afterward. Then with a jerk of the head the cigar performs a double somersault and again falls into its place in the holder. But Paul Cinquevalli told me that the most difficult trick he ever performed took him nearly two years before it was in a fit state to be introduced. It was suggested to him one night at supper. The guests insisted upon his giving them something new. So he took up his knife and fork and selected an exceptionally hard potato. He kept the three spinning in the air for some time, then suddenly cutting the potato in two, and keeping all going again until, as a finale, he caught one-half on the knife and the other on the fork. It was, as he said, an exceptionally lucky performance, for he had never attempted it before.

"I should like to tell you of a remarkable conjuring trick I saw performed while on a voyage from London to Calcutta. The conjurer was a Parsee, whom you might have taken for a respectable servant out of place, but who was actually a small landowner who was traveling for pleasure, and had taken up conjuring as an amusement. Spreading a white cloth on the deck of the steamer, he sat down, with his back resting against the companion-hatch. As soon as he had settled himself, he turned to one of our fellow-voyagers and asked for the loan of a rupee, which he requested should be given to one of the ladies present. The lady took it, and at the request of the conjurer looked at it, and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjurer then told the lady to hand it back to the gentleman from whom he had borrowed it. The gentleman took it, and then followed the following dialogue:

"Conjurer—Are you sure that is a rupee?

"Fellow Voyager—Yes.

"Conjurer—Close your hand upon it and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought.

"After a moment's pause, the gentleman who held the coin said he had thought of a country.

"'Then open your hand,' said the juggler. 'See what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of!'

"It was a five franc piece, and our friend had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the Parsee, but the latter said: 'No; pass it to another sahib.' As I happened to be the nearest, the five franc piece was handed to me. I looked closely at it. Then, shutting my hand, thought of America. When I opened it I found a Mexican dollar. This I handed to the gentleman on my right, who in turn thought of Russia and on opening his hand found a Russian silver piece in place of the Mexican dollar. The juggler performed several other tricks during the voyage, but they were of a commonplace kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivaled."

A Baby Beaver's Dam.

A college professor in Maine tells how he convinced a friend who did not believe that beavers could build dams. He bought a baby beaver of a hunter one day and sent it to his sceptical friend. The beaver became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build dams, until one Monday morning a leaky pail full of water was put on the floor in the back kitchen. The Beaver was there; he was only a baby then, too, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip, and commenced building his dam. His owner was called and watched the little fellow, very much astonished by what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left there, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail. The professor's friend believes now that beavers really know a thing or two about building dams.

A Crow's Cunning.

A turkey was feeding by the roadside, not far from a farm house. Near him was a broken and dead tree trunk, on which a crow lighted, and was looking at the turkey enjoying his meal. The crow soon exhibited a desire to partake of the same food, and alighted near the turkey. A strut, spread and semi-rotation of the tail, and thundering with the wings followed on the part of the turkey. He dashed at the crow; but the latter dodged, went over the turkey's back, and alighted on the other side. This was repeated over and over, proving to the turkey that the crow's strategies were more than his own skill could overcome. At first his rage was uncontrollable; but, finding he was defeated, he at length, willing or unwilling, let the crow finish his meal. I stood still to see how the conflict would end, till I became convinced that a crow's cunning and agility are more than a match for a turkey's size.

In the Dry Goods Store.

A lady and her little daughter were shopping. The child sat on a counter stool and watched the people coming and going. Presently she saw a lady elegantly dressed who stopped at their counter and handed a waterproof and umbrella to the young girl in charge.

Take care of these things until I call for them," she said in an autocratic tone.

Then she sailed away.

The bright eyes of the child followed her. The little face wore a look of distress.

"Why, mamma," she whispered, "she didn't even say please."

Sooner than she expected to, the lady returned to the counter.

"I will take my things," she said.

There was some little delay in finding them.

"I hope you haven't lost or misplaced them," she said, in a severe tone to the girl.

No, here they were. Madam took them coolly and without a word walked off.

This was more than the child could stand. Leaning over so that her sweet face came close to that of the girl clerk, she said sweetly:

"Thank you!"

Not a Fast Color.

A railroad engineer who had a danger-signal head of hair, got a barber to dye it black, but the color didn't stay. A brother of the footboard met him soon after and said:

"Jim, were you hurt much?"

"Hurt where?

"In the accident."

"What accident?"

"Why, the washout, of course."

Jim grinned but he had to treat.

He Misunderstood.

Robinson—How does it come that you are always in the courts?

Lawyer—That's my business.

Robinson—Oh, well, I wouldn't get so touchy about a little thing if I were you.

Literary Cultivation.

"Oh, Mrs. Watts, you should join our literary society!"

"Should I?"

"Yes, indeed! We study and learn so much. Last meeting we took up Carlyle's quarrels with his wife."

"It must have been interesting."

"Very. Next meeting we shall investigate the private life of Goethe and his love affairs."

"How instructive!"

Consolatory.

Uncle Thomas has been fixed up by the boys during a particularly lethargic sleep and is just about half waked up.

Aunt Bethsaida (coming in)—Now, Thomas Panfish! you look jest like what you've allus acted like!—*Judge.*

"Yes, and we have found out everything about Poe's dissipation and disreputable conduct, and purpose soon to thoroughly investigate the immoral actions of Voltaire."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, there's nothing like a literary society to increase one's culture. You ought to join!"

The Minister's Dinner Table.

Mrs. Dominie Spouter—That was a lovely sermon of yours this morning, Leonidas, upon the Sanctity of Resting on the Sabbath.

Rev. Leonidas Spouter—Yes, yes, my dear. But I must say one thing. If the cook doesn't get up earlier Sunday morning so as to give us a thoroughly-cooked course dinner, I shall insist upon your discharging her.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Breakaway—Sad about Judge States, wasn't it.

Mrs. Laiter—Awful! How did it happen?

Mrs. Breakaway—The cable message said he tried to mount an Alp or something, and fell off.

Mrs. Laiter—What terribly careless drivers they must have over there!

A Distinction and a Difference.

"Helen, say that you will be mine!"

"I shall say nothing of the sort. If you care to be my husband, however, we can discuss the question."

A Candid Confession.

"Well, farmer, how are the crops?"

"Very good."

"You don't kick about anything then?"

"No."

"Then what are you looking so blue about?"

"Because I don't know anything that I can complain of."

One or More than Six Hundred.

Al—Were you at Balaklava, may I ask?

Tailor—Lord, no! Why?

Al—You charge so magnificently.

A Protest.

Little Boston Girl (as the hair brush is reached for)—Mamma, the consecutiveness and the prevalency of these interminable castigations are slowly sapping my very life!

A Great Truth.

Agnes—Tommy, how old are you?

Tommy—Eight. How old are you?

Agnes—Seven.

Tommy—Come, now! You're older! You women never tell your real ages.

Juvenile Gastronomy.

Johnnie—Mamma, please give me another apple.

Mamma—Another! Haven't you eaten too many?

Johnnie—No. I've only had fourteen.

The Czar's Crown.

The imperial crown of the Czar of all the Russias is the finest ever worn by a sovereign. It is in the form of a bishop's mitre, and carries on its crest a cross composed of five of the most beautiful diamonds ever cut, supporting the largest ruby in the world. Eleven great diamonds in a foliated arch, rising from the front and back of the crown, support this cross and ruby, and on either side is a hoop of thirty-eight pearls, than which there are nohandsomer known.

No Encouragement.

"Did you ask Miss Pointer to dance last night?" "Yes, and she said she was engaged."

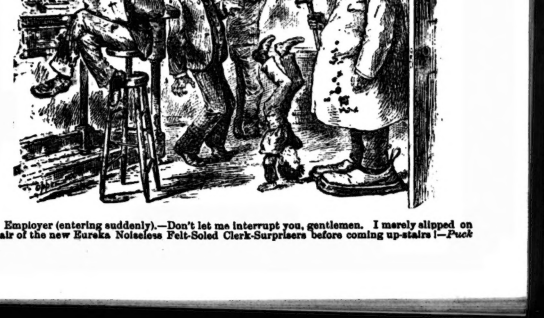
"And what did she say the second time?"

"That she was tired."

"And the third time?"

"That she was going home."

A Long-Felt Want.



Employer (entering suddenly).—Don't let me interrupt you, gentlemen. I merely slipped on a pair of the new Eureka Noiseless Felt-Soled Clerk-Surprisers before coming up-stairs!—*Puck*

SECOND OF A SERIAL OF "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA

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CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

Lady Grizel's turn came next. Ronald sought her with more alacrity and a light heart. "She will be really glad. Why she pleased me has always given her ten times as much pleasure, I verily believe, he said to himself, with a man's happy selfishness.

A brisk voice desired him to "Come in!" as, ascending some narrow winding steps, he knocked at the door of a tiny turret-chamber that overhung the old flower-garden, and looked from the outside like a swallow's nest of masonry clinging to the old gray walls.

"I know what he brings you!" cried Grizel, with a rather forced gaiety, as Ronald, lowering his tall head under the low-arched doorway, lifted the *portiere* and entered. Her glossy brown complexion was pale, and, though her eyes were very dull, her manner was all the brighter and her voice quick. "She is gone, fond lover, and you are coming to be consoled. Congratulations first, condolences after—eh!"

"You know then? Did she—Guelda—tell you?" asked Ronald, joyful to be met so warmly half-way.

"I told her. I knew it all along—ever since the revels. Dyed black hair could not deceive my eyes, Ronald."

"So you knew me then? No one else did except Guelda. You have always been such a true sister to me, I am not surprised you should recognising me in any disguise; but was it not wonderful she did too? was Airlie's smiling answer, forgetting his present desolation at Guelda's absence in the delight of retrospection.

"What—Guelda knew you then!" muttered Lady Grizel slowly, in surprise, mixing with bitter; then suddenly, with a strange outburst of warmth—"I am glad she knew you. It proves——"

But what it proved she did not say. Ronald in his loverlike eagerness to disburthen himself to such a sympathetic listener of his own sense of loss as his lady love's sister-in-law seemed to be, noticed the break in Lady Grizel's sentence. He was full of new-born exaggerated fears lest the journey might try Guelda's health, though only on the previous day he had praised the open air forest rearing that enabled her to walk all day over the heather and at nightfall to have a step still springy and firm when most other women would have been tired out. He grieved with his darling's grief on hearing of Lady Loudon's illness, and yet selfishness whispered this might truly make matters easier. Lastly, in his overflowing of heart, Ronald rambled on more blithely of his late hopes and fears and joys—of the happy chance that she—his Guelda—was cited as an heiress. That had been a bitterness to his poor man's perverseness.

"You two could not get on without it, Ronald. A girl brought up in luxury could meet poverty manfully, I am certain, than one like Guelda, who knows what it means. There—don't call down a thunderbolt on my head! Can you not see that, after some twenty years of plenty, the one could afford to fast, while she who has just tasted good things, after being reared in famine, would find it all the harder in her heart to resign them? Though that, I believe, Guelda would be ready to do for you ungrudgingly.

"I don't want to be God almighty's proxy," laughed Ronald uneasily. "Still may I not own to the wish it were mine to give her?"

"No; wishes go to my head like wine—I can't see the sober fact I should take to wishing. And now as to wishes—may I beg of you to leave me time to dress? Other people must dine, you will remember, old Ronald, though you could live on air. There—be thankful you have not to ask Guelda to bear poverty's burden for your sake, though I am sure she would do it more bravely than any one."

Lady Grizel drove him out of her "den," as she call-d the turret-room, with playful scolding. On the threshold Ronald stopped, however, to deliver himself of thanks, with effusion of heart, for having found such a good, kind listener.

"What a dear sister you are to me, Grizel! Even as a boy I thought there was no one like you, and now I think there is only one in the world before you," he said, affectionately, and stooped to kiss her cheek in brotherly fashion, as he had always done from earliest school days, on home comings and leave-takings, or on high days and holidays. And it was Grizel who had come flying to throw her arms about his neck and kiss him herself when he marched home proudly after landing the biggest salmon that the oldest keeper could ever recollect being caught in the river, and when he had shown her the noble antlers of that "poor dappled fool," his first stag, and when, on "first joining" his regiment, the Blues, he condescended to display the glories of his uniform with secret pride, but outward condescension, for Grizel's benefit. But Ronald forgot.

After he had kissed her and gone out of the room, Lady Grizel stood very still while the firm tread echoed down the old stone passage outside. Then she turned, and instead of going to dress as she had said, flung herself face downwards, on a sofa, her body writhing in mute agony, gripping hard at the cushions, and little moans in self-pity. She must dress and go downstairs and pretend to dine, meet with a smiling face, malicious or sympathetic by turns from her guests with respect to Guelda Seaton's sudden departure, hear it hinted laughingly that Ronald Airlie seemed out of spirits, sympathize with her sister-in-law, receive her lover's confidences. "Idiy and I will be watched closely to night. We must not flinch; my secret might be guessed—perhaps known!—as well as his," she thought to herself.

After hardening her heart, Lady Griz-l Airlie went to face her little world with more even than usual of her imperious demeanour that was yet its if the sign of her high breeding, being too proud to show pride; the darkly warm carnation that never left her cheek unless that she was deeper than usual, her brisk cheery voice and distinct laugh rang more loudly and frequently. She endured herself bravely as a worthy daughter of her house.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the afternoon of the next day, after travelling all night, Guelda reached Sheen Abbey. She was fatigued rather from agitation of mind than from the exertion of the journey, and had felt her anxiety the more that there was no one with whom she could share it. Her own French maid, Julie, had complained of feeling so unwell before the visit to Scotland that in compassion Guelda had left her behind at Sheen, contenting herself with the help of Lady Grizel's second Abigail. She regretted Julie on the journey home, who had now been with her a year and was the quickest, "most perfect treasure" of an attendant.

No carriage from Sheen met Miss Seaton at the station. No doubt, she thought, she had come too quickly; yet she had telegraphed on the way. As her hired fly drove up at last to the Abbey entrance, Guelda sprang out eagerly, and met the old butler, who opened the door for her at the same instant.

"How is Lady Loudon, Hillis?" asked the girl, in a voice of hasty anxiety.

"His lordship is better, Miss Seaton; he is past all peril of danger, they say. You must not be alarmed: though it was a stroke. He is going on well now. But——" replied the old man, with a curious look of pity, as his look rested on Guelda's eager features, that belied the reassuring words.

The girl interrupted him with a rapid flow of questions upon the symptoms, the doctors' verdict, whether Master Bertrand was well. Still Hillis reassured her on all these points. Guelda was about to pass on hurriedly through the great hall, when the family major-domo stopped her respectfully.

"But, Miss Seaton—but," he stammered, "if you will excuse my asking a favor, please do not mention to any one that I telegraphed for you. It was a liberty. No, my lord is too ill to know, and, if he had his senses, you would be the first one he would ask for—that we all think. But another person arrived here unexpectedly only two days ago; and, as he is acting as master now——"

"He! Whom do you mean?"

Old Hillis coughed in a very awkward manner, then, ordering the footman, bedjumbled and powdered footmen to remove the luggage, as soon as they were out of hearing he moved respectfully aside to Guelda, saying, in earnest and feeling accents:—

"My dear young mistress, it may be a blow to you; but we trust that somehow these things will turn out for the best, though we cannot see how. No, that's what dashes me! For, when he stayed way so long, he might have stayed for ever," muttered the old servant. "Goodness knows—excuse my freedom, Miss Seaton—with you as our young mistress, and Master Bertrand his heir, we were all as happy as heart could wish."

"But who is 'he'? Who has come? Do speak!" cried Guelda, on thorns.

"The person—the gentleman, gentleman," said Hillis, with an unwilling slowness that was exasperating—that has come is a very near relation of yours; he is, in fact, your uncle, Mr. Robert Seaton, who was supposed to have died in Australia."

"Mr. Robert Seaton—my grandfather's eldest son!" came from Guelda's lips in bewilderment. "Then he is—he is——"

At that moment the door at the upper end of the hall opened, and a man descended with an air of haste the slippery wide steps leading from the morning-rooms.

"Welcome to Sheen Abbey, my dear niece—my dearest girl! So you are my poor brother Bertrand's daughter! he exclaimed as he appeared, holding out both hands.

The bewilder-d girl gave, kissed Guelda on the cheek. The girl shrank under the touch with a sudden, instinctive dislike. Then she recollected to herself that it was strange that this uncle was of her own flesh and blood, and that, though she might think his voice disagreeable, yet he was the first person to speak ingratiating to please her fine ear, still a man returned, as it were, from the grave surely deserved a kind reception. Yet nothing came from her but bewildered excess the words:

"We all believed you were dead."

"And the report was accepted, as you see, without foundation. I was left for dead in this old hall where I played as a boy," answered Robert Seaton, looking round with a rather melancholy smile that showed two rows of fine teeth under a peculiarly short but pointed mustache, slightly drooping.

Guelda, looking full at him, now saw a like tness still so striking in a crayon-drawing of Robert Seaton at twenty-one which hung in Lord Loudon's study that she might have been tempted to recognize in the man before her anywhere, allowing for the difference of some five or eight years. It was a cold face, though the well-cut features were not unpleasing, pale, almost parchment-like in complexion, with a short black beard, and hair thinning back from the temples. Lord Loudon was pale at the same time, and his face had always been singularly pallid.

In other respects the son did not much resemble his father, for he had a more ordinary figure, Lord Loudon being exceedingly spare and upright. Robert Seaton's shoulders were slightly rounded, his step was cautious, and he was somewhat stretched rather than heavy, as was that of the old man. But in face, though that of the new-comer was a trifle broader and heavier about the jaws and lower part of the forehead, still there was certainly a species of likeness to his father. Guelda noticed this most in the disagreeable characteristics of her grandfather's countenance—the firm closed mouth, the arrogant searching expression of the bent brows. They seemed ever on guard against attack, these unpleasable types," as they have been called, of the thoughts lying close hidden under the bland forehead.

But Seaton had not the bitter traits of his ancestors, and also a noticeable attitude in the old lord standing with one hand placed inside the breast of his coat, giving him a Napoleonic look. Guelda sometimes had thought how such little habits were often hereditary. Her poor old grandfather! If only for his sake, she ought to like this man, who was his son, who had so long been as one dead. And yet—

"I am afraid you are not as glad to see me, my child, as I am to see my poor brother's orphan," said Robert Seaton softly at that moment, as if divining her thoughts. "Still I trust my pretty niece will before long come to think upon me as a friend. You have been mistress here, I know. Well, there ought to be one, as well as a master, in every house. You are your grandfather's pet. Don't think your uncle has come to turn you out; we shall all be a happy family."

He spread out a rather ostentatious pair of protecting arms towards her, taking Guelda's small hand prisoner, gave it a would-be affectionate squeeze that forced her rings into her fingers.

With smarting hand Guelda recovered her liberty, and instantly felt convinced that her relative's mind and manners must have deteriorated and coarsened with the texture of his hands during he years of his "feeding the swine." A hand-grip told so much of character, she believed.

And then to remind her with his first breath that he was her elder, an uncle, and could dispossess her, if he pleased, from her post at her grandfather's home, was ungenerous. He have credited her with sufficient generosity to overlook the fact of being ousted in the human feel ng of gladness on finding the supposed dead living.

Guelda decieved herself; she was not really generous, and had from childhood resolved to dislike her uncle from the first. His words were too cajoling to be true, she decided; 'he eyes which met hers were too cold, taking Guelda's admiration repelled her own; his manner was almost fawning in its bland-ishment.

"He is not a gentleman!" was Guelda's hot quick thought, with rising anger at Seaton's words and air. "Look upon him as a father indeed! Had she not heard tales from old Hillis of how in youth this Robert—his father's favorite—had been disliked and dreaded by the servants—of his overbearing ways towards good-natured Bertrand, whose memory was still adored around Sheen Abbey. And who knew what he had been doing in the last silent years following his downward career? "He may have been a coward!" thought the niece, in unjust bitterness.

"You look as though you were remembering all the bad you have heard of me," this strange uncle broke in, watching her face.

"Come—I have been a prodigal son; but my dear old father blessed and forgave me when he saw my face again. I found him, alas, in very feeble health, and the shock of his great joy has been too much for him! But I thought that women were like angels, and rejoiced over repentant sinners."

"Indeed, Robert," stammered Guelda. "I know next to nothing of your history. It was so long ago—at least, I mean, I was not born so long ago."

"No; your father and I were both turned out of doors by the old man," said her uncle, with a curious vexed frown at the mention of the word towards the study. "You and the little chap only turned up last year—eh? And here I am."

"Please—please tell me how my grandfather is!"

"Oh, yes, of course; you do not care to listen to the romance of my history till another time," interrupted Seaton sharply, still holding Guelda with his eyes, and moving slightly in her direct passage. "A feeling heart like yours is of course grieving with our anxiety; I must not call upon your pity for myself till you have leisure. His lordship is better—much better; you need not be anxious at present."

"I am anxious to see him."

"Presently—presently; he is sleeping, my dear," said her uncle, raising his hand gently, but with an air of command. "You must leave him to my care now, you know. The grief of finding the poor old man so weak that he could only recognize me aswe did, has in my way has been a great shock to myself. I dare not risk more."

"But still"—Guelda's lips trembled, her beautiful brown eyes filled with tears, and she unconsciously extended her hands in a supplicating attitude—"surely you would not keep me from him! He may be dying, remember Robert; he is so fond of me, he will know me."

"Of course he is fond of you. Who would not be fond of such a pretty girl?" replied her uncle, with a mollified aspect. "Don't fret, my dear niece—he is better. Indeed he is going on so well that I trust you did not shorten your visit to Scotland on account of his illness."

Guelda caught sight of a somewhat appealing look on old Hillis' face who still stood in the background.

"Thanks; my visit had come to an end in any case," she answered coldly. "But you do not understand a woman's province of sick-nursing. It pouns not to distrust her grandfather; but my place is at his bedside," ended Guelda, in a firm tone, though with a pleasing reasonable ness of manner. Something warned her not to try open opposition yet.

"Of course; but you must first take some rest yourself; we must think of preserving the precious health of so bright a visitor, you know."

"I could not possibly rest till I have seen him."

The late young mistress of Sheen was half ashamed of herself for speaking in a pleading sweet voice, and of knowing that her eyes were turned with an imploring expression on this intruder who at once arrogated the right, as it seemed, of partlng her from the old grandfather who loved her so dearly. Guelda felt in her heart, "Perhaps he is very ill, and this man is hiding it." Anyhow, Seaton was evidently touched by the pathetically beautiful gaze that appealed to him.

"I cannot refuse anything, I see," he said, with a triumphant smile; for had he not made this spirited young beauty bow to his authority? "Come with me."

When the granddaughter entered Lord Loudon's room, her mind flew back at once to that first time when she and little Bino had tremolingly passed its threshold only a year and a half before.

But now the scene was changed. Her grandfather was lying helpless in his bed, but not sleeping, as Seaton had said, though in a sort of deep stupor. He opened his eyes heavily, as Guelda hung silently over him, and smiled painfully at her, one side of his face being numbed; but he showed no surprise. Then he tried to speak. Bending down her head, she caught with difficulty the words:

"Glad, very glad, my dear child, to see you!"

"What does he say?" asked her uncle Robert's voice close in her ear.

With a disagreeable sensation, his niece repeated the words. Then, as he caressed the old man's hand softly, Lord Loudon closed his eyes with a happier expression, and seemed to slumber. Guelda gazed at him, feeling her heart wrung. He had at least been very gentle to her for a year, very loving, this proud, irascible old man. Now he lay stricken down helpless, almost speechless, and, from what the doctors might say, the fear came into his grandchild's mind, repulse it though she tried, that he would never be well again. Heavy at heart, the girl crept away, leaving the sickroom in possession of her uncle. Then her footsteps hastened; she flew to find Bino; he was only second in her thoughts because her grandfather needed her first.

Guelda found the little fellow huddled up disconsolately in a window-seat in his own room, staring out at the park. He did not stir as his sister hurried forward, but pushed her from him pettishly while she caught him in her arms with loving kisses and caresses.

"You have been away so long, I thought you were never coming back to me! You don't care for Bino, Guelda, or you would not have left me all alone!" he whimpered.

Guelda drew back to look at him, and then she saw that the child's face was white and stained with tears.

"Bino, my little Bino, don't say that! I must leave you sometimes now that you are growing so manly. But you have your pony, dear; and there are the rabbits and guinea-pigs, and your own puppy. Besides, you were to go out ferreting and fishing, I thought."

"What is the good of my pony and the rabbits!" broke out the boy, angrily, half crying. "They are nice enough, but they—nor the dogs nor anything. Girls are such muffs not to understand. This place isn't mine now—I mean it won't be; and none of the laborers call me the lit—the little lord any more!" At the last words Bino burst into unrestrained sobbing, and buried his face on his sister's shoulder. "It's all that man's doing, and I hate him—I do!"

"What do you mean, Bino?" asked Guelda, shocked at the thoughts that had not had time to take shape in her mind, in all the turmoil of anxiety and haste that had bewildered her since morning the hour, parter started up, confronting her full grown and very red.

"Why, that he says—and so does everybody—that he is the heir of Sheen Abbey!" retorted Bino, in an angry impatient tone at her dullness of comprehension. "And what are we, I want to know?"

What, indeed! It flashed upon the girl that of course their uncle Robert was Lord Loudon's elder son.

It was ill news indeed that old Hillis had brought (not reluctantly—they differed from the good tidings of which he had before been bearer when he came to the cottage on that May night. In a strange way it seemed as if the girl had known from the first moment that Robert Seaton was the heir; her mind must have had been so filled with immediate fears for Lord Loudon and anxiety to see her beloved Bino that she had not thought of it.

Evidently her hopes had not been so set on little Bino and inheritance of his own. "Oh, dead men's shoes!" she thought bitterly to herself. Had the little fellow been trying so early to hold her fitted in them? For Lord Loudon was still so hale, of such a commanding individuality, with apparently many years yet before him to enjoy, and Bino—a child, cowed and shrinking into the background out of his dreaded grandfather's sight, that Guelda had thought of his succession only as a dim far away event in the time to com . And now he seemed broken-hearted, her poor little man!

That night, in fitful waking moments between disturbed dreams of Islay and Ronald and the new uncle, Robert Seaton's "welcome back," and his words "so bright a guest," recurred with unpleasing distinctness to Guelda's mind. Would she indeed be only a guest here henceforth! Oh, surely, surely it was too soon to think of that! Her uncle assumed too much whilst the present master of Sneen still lay below stairs living.

And then she thought how, if all had their rights, another would be master here—her own love, Ronald. Guelda smiled, consoled for all her other distresses because he loved her. What a kind good elder brother she would give Bino to make up for his lost inheritance!

CHAPTER XVII.

"My grandfather was ill before I ever left for Scotland, you say! Oh, Hillis, how could you conceal it from me?" said Guelda, in low accents of keen reproach to the old family retainer who stood before her.

They were holding a secret conference in her own sitting-room—the blue tapestry chamber—and both were speaking with hushed voices. Yet the sick room was far away—why were they afraid of being overheard? Perhaps the wound had liked to give a reason; still, by mutual unspoken understanding, they had both fallen into a secret confidential manner from the moment of Guelda's return.

"Don't blame me, Miss Seaton; it was his lordship's own orders. He said to me himself, 'Hillis,' said he, 'not a word to Miss Guelda—she mustn't leave her visit to the Duke, I thought, you see—' Hillis ceased in confusion and coughed behind his hand, resuming: "Well, I dare not, I thought, always would be obeyed; you, nor I, no—no one could have gainsaid him. All the time he was in town he was failing. I knew it, but he would have his last season. He was home-party here was too much for him; but it was his own doing. He always said to me, when I ventured any remonstrance, that he would rest afterwards; and now——"

Guelda broke down, crying quietly. Yes, and now, she thought, it would be a long rest indeed.

"Don't grieve so—don't fret as if you could help it, miss!" urged the old man, much distressed. "You helped him his last day, more than anyone would have believed. He said to me, 'It is like a new spring-time of life!' But it could not last; it was not to be expected at his years."

"And he began to fail, you say, while I was away?" interrogated Guelda, asking for the fifth time to hear the sad tale, perchance to gain some fresh information.

"Yes, he grew weak and fretful, and was always about nothing, though easily tired, and talked of old days like yesterday. His mind seemed failing a bit; and I did ask Julie to write to you, miss, at first."

"She never did—never!" said Guelda, thinking how Lord Loudon himself, Hillis, and the maids, all had unwittingly conspired to keep his granddaughter ignorant.

"And my unc—Mr. Seaton—tell me about his appearance."

"He came two days ago, walking up the avenue as if he had only been away for a stroll. He went straight to the mulberry-tree where Lord Loudon used to sit, and where her Italian greyhound is buried, and there his lordship found him crying."

"Crying! But his mother died when he was a child!"

"That is so; but any way he was overcome, and one of the gardeners saw him wiping of his eyes, and thought it queer, seeing how fond his lordship, who was walking slowly in the grounds, saw him and went up to him. They spoke a word or two; and Hiums, the undergardener, ran for a trugger to the seat as I taken lill. Hume ran up, but Lord Loudon waved him away, though seeming very faint. Then he sat down on Mr. Seaton's arm and leave him say, 'Is this really you, Robert? Can I believe my senses?' Mr. Seaton supported him up to Hillis' side, and I came up; he could scarcely speak; he only said thickly to me like, "Hillis, Mr. Robert has come back. We had no right to assume with such certainty that he was dead." Then he said, 'Let Guelda know I could only come home next, and her ladyship too! She has been longest gone.'"

Guelda's tears flowed afresh, one by one; it seemed very pitiful, this old man, who had so long been lonely, thus welcoming home the son who had most shared his soul years before, and thus breaking down.

"Mr. Robert kept explaining to him how he let himself be supposed dead. I did not hear it rightly, I was too bewildered; but his lordship only answered, 'I am quite satisfied—you are come home. No matter about the past.' Well, I thought I never knew he really Mr. Robert, he was so altered."

"How? In what way?" Guelda leaned forward eagerly, a half thought shooting rocket-like across the darkness of her heart—lest this man was not Robert Seaton after all—proved an impos——She heard old Hillis answer in a slow steady voice.

"He is changed for the worse—that's all! You will excuse my freedom, miss. I was only a lad in the stables when he went away, and afterwards I got promoted; but he was his lordship liked me and took me traveling as valet. Mr. Robert seldom troubled himself about the house, but he liked fine living and wine and life in London. But your father, Mr. Bertrand, was always coming out to the stables with a cheery word for every one, I knew him best. But still, though in those days Mr. Robert was proud and cold, he was a perfect gentleman."

"And you think he is greatly altered now, Hillis?" asked Guelda, with a curious smile.

The old butler looked rather shocked at his own freedom of speech because he himself.

"I spoke too freely, Miss Seaton; but you have been my young mistress, and he is like a stranger. It is not a change you could put a name to; but still, you see, no doubt he has been in strange company all these years, and that tells—oh yes, that does! It's not his fault either, considering he was banished by his lordship, and never had a penny from him ever since the poor young man was one-and-twenty—he and mother died in Italy. He made himself into his grave. No, no, it's not right to judge him harshly, after all he must have gone through. It's so long ago I had clean forgotten him, till the sight of his face recalled him back upon me; but he knew me in a minute. 'What, Hillis!' says he. 'It's many a day since you used to carry me riding on your back, Master Bertrand! And do you remember the wicked bay filly that was bred here, and you broke in, and how my brother used ride her over the big fence in the low meadow?' he says. 'She was staked, wasn't she? And we boys caught it hot from his lordship! Oh, dear me, I remembered it as if it happened yesterday! Have we thought of it!' But he was wrong in saying that he was scolded. Mr. Bertrand it was that always took the blame on himself, and somehow to shift the blame from his own shoulders. But still I never should have expected Mr. Robert to be so glad to see me; he clearly recollected me, and seemed as pleased with you and Master Bertrand as if you were his own children. Don't be unjust to him, my dear young lady—don't let us be that!"

Hillis somehow coupled his own feelings with those of his young mistress, as if their interests must be identical.

If that wild suspicion of Guelda's mind had gone up like a thought-rocket, it now came down like its stick. Unjust—no, she had been that to her uncle, indeed. Old Hillis was teaching her a plain duty, and the girl felt ashamed of herself. She might never like her uncle Robert; but, however disagreeable his soft step and creeping manner, and the subtle sidelong look in his eyes, he was Lord Loudon's eldest son, and his old father had welcomed him. He was kind to herself and Bino; he spoke sorrowfully and affectionately of her dead father.

"I never knew before that I could be so covetous, jealous, so evil-thinking," was her regretful reflection. "Money seems to bring out all the bad that is in one's nature; but I wished him away for Bino's sake, not my own."

Lord Loudon was still ill that night. Guelda who sat up all through the cold small hours beside him, Robert Seaton watching also in a remote corner buried in a deep chair, humbled herself and repented of her sins of thought. But she could not like her uncle any the better, although she strove to be just.

Ill and weak after the shock of seeing his long lost son, Lord Loudon, after his paralytc seizure, fell into a lethargy that alarmed Hillis, yet, rousing himself at moments, his mind seemingly much clearer, he gave orders to send for the family lawyer immediately.

"Poor little Bertrand—poor little lad! She would be very kind to him, poor little Guelda!" he muttered; and then, turning to old Hillis, he said confidentially, "Her ladyship would like me to disinherit my will."

Evidently his tottering reason confused the bright young granddaughter with the long-dead fair wife of his few happier years.

But, when the man of business arrived, an unsummoned visitor had been before him, and Lord Loudon lay speechless and palsied, sunk in his great chair in the red-hung study.

Robert Seaton instead received the lawyer, and seemed so overwhelmed at having brought this affection upon his father by his sudden reappearance that the latter was genuinely sorry for him.

"And he wished to alter his will, no doubt. My recollection is very clear and distinct. I fear, to these poor young things, Bertrand's children," said the disconsolate uncle.

"To the boy, no doubt, Miss Seaton is well provided for already," incautiously replied the lawyer, a youngish man who succeeded his dead father as agent of the Loudon estates.

There was a little glitter in the corner of Seaton's eye.

"Ah, yes; the old man—my father—thought very much of his heir, I believe. I trust he has done so; for who knows when he may put pen to paper again? Not but what he could trust me to take good care of the interests of both my niece and nephew."

"It will be all right, I should think, sir," answered the other, vaguely remembering he had heard no flattering tales of this same heir-do-well.

. . . . . .

That same midnight, when all slept in Sheen Abbey save himself and the lamp in the sick-room, Robert Seaton stood alone in Lord Loudon's study before an open bureau. He had unlocked it by means of a small key, and now, while listening intently for any sound, his eyes and hands were busily searching among the neatly-docketed papers.

"Last will, dated a year ago. I've got it!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself. "What! Sixty thousand to his dearly-beloved granddaughter Guelda Seaton! Flat robbery of his rightful heir! No, no, my respected parent—this won't do!"

The man twitted his eyebrows in darkly-anxious thought. A sound close by startled him. His eyebrows rose, his eyes started as if already seeing some object from which he shrank, while his pale cheeks fell in hollows and his lips trembled slightly. Whir-r-r! A "grandfather's clock" began striking; he had heard its premonitory noise. Seaton recovered himself with a smile, locked the bureau, and crept away stealthily.

. . . . . .

A few days more and Guelda and Bino knelt—the girl awed, the boy sobbing—by their dying grandfather's bedside. Lord Loudon had partially recovered the use of his speech. Trying to speak to his grandchild's bright face with his best but almost powerless hand, the old man whispered slowly, looking at his eldest son:

"Robert, you will be a guardian to these children. I charge you to—take care of them—you will answer for it—one day—." His voice died away in an indistinct murmur.

"I will take the best care of them—you may trust me," replied Robert Seaton, with a ready assurance.

To Guelda, even at that dread moment, his speech seemed a glib and false solemnity.

A week later, after the funeral, the county was stirred by the sensational news that no will of the deceased Lord Loudon had been found; therefore his newly-returned heir inherited everything.

Guelda Seaton and her little brother were penniless orphans once more.

(To be Continued.)

A Sight of the Sultan.

I have not yet told you about my seeing the Sultan. It was Friday, the Sabbath of the Mohammedans, the day when the Sultan goes to prayers in the mosque. We secured a team at half-past two and drove toward his palace. It was not decided where he was to go; I never is until a few moments before the procession starts, because he is in fear of assassination, and does not allow a public knowledge as to prevent any plots. Our driver was perplexed where to take us. First came a horseman, mounted on a white charger dashing down the street from the palace, and this gave a hint as to the mosque. So he turned, but soon returned, and four times changed his direction. At last it was decided that it is usual to chosen where we, with other foreigners, could get an outlook upon the imposing scene. The array of the Sultan's guard, the several regiments—was on duty. The cavalry was drawn up in military array; officers with glittering dress, bedecked with stars, studded with pearls, signs of valor in the service, rode to and fro on their steeds. Bands of music flung the sweetness of their tones to the air. Troops of bugles sounded a martial music to cheer by their blasts. Richly caparisoned horses and splendid turnouts with all the style and wealth of extent and accident were gathered on the scene. The streets were crowded by the curious sightseers. Everything that wealth and rank could do, was brought into requisition to add to the grand pageantry.

At last, after a weary waiting of an hour, troops of horses led the advance from the palace. Then came a magnificent carriage drawn by fawn-colored steeds, in which was seated the great head of the Turkish Empire. He looked up to the windows where I stood and I caught a glimpse of a pale, modest, sickly-looking, anxious, worried man, with pale face and dark beard, eyes and hair. His nervous, shy, modest look inspired me with a feeling of pity for him, and I could not envy him with all his power, wealth and station.

Behind the carriage of the Sultan drawn in covered carriages, but with lifted curtains—the women veiled, but with so thin a gauze as not to conceal complexion or features, and I saw clearly the most beautiful face it was ever my privilege to gaze upon. It was the perfection of nature decked out in the perfection of art. That one face was all I wanted to see, or had no time for others. That was of such surpassing loveliness as to hold me till it vanished from my sight and was gone, leaving only a memory of earthly beauty that I should see no forever. When this was gone I caught sight of a girl about 10 years of age, decked out in an apparel that seemed wrought of cloth of gold, having a fair girlish face which no one could help loving.

I waited an hour for the return, hoping to see the lady once more, but she came not that way. The Sultan soon returned, and this time, after the troop of horsemen he drove a span of milk white steeds, the most splendid I ever saw. He was alone in the carriage, and surrounded on either side and behind by armed horsemen, from fifty to fifty, I should think. As he came up over the hill I saw the same anxious face, calling for pity and not for envy, and he vigorously applied the whip to his prancing steeds, as if anxious to get into his gilded prison, where the chance shot of the assassin could not reach him.

All this was worship, and reminded me of one Jesus who, eighteen centuries ago, said, "Thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." But this man is not a follower of Jesus, but of Mohammed.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHECKMATED.

One afternoon several days later Hazel was sitting upon the veranda alone. Mrs. Stewart, with her two daughters and friend, had gone to a place called the Devil's Dyke, which they had never yet visited, and from which point the scenery was said to be very beautiful.

Our young invalid had been reading the last number of a popular magazine; but, having become somewhat wearied by the effort which even this light employment required, she had dropped the book upon her lap, and, lying back in her chair, let her eyes wander over the sunlit waves while her mind went drifting back to the earlier portion of her life.

There was an expression of sadness on her face entirely at variance with her usual brightness, for she had been thinking of the mystery which had enshrouded her parentage during all these years.

She could recall nothing tangible in her life previous to that fearful tragedy which had thrown her so friendless and helpless into Sandy Morton's care; though sometimes she had dreamed of a beautiful woman who came to her bedside, looked fondly down upon her; then, bending to kiss her, she would seem to vanish as suddenly as she had come. Sometimes, too, she had a dim remembrance of a tall, handsome man, who used to catch and toss her in his arms until her head almost touched the ceiling, and refuse to let her down until she put her arms around his neck and kissed him "as many times as she was years old." There was some one else, too, who used to brush her hair, button her boots, and tie pretty ribbons in her sleeves; but it was all so vague and unreal that it seemed to belong to some previous state of existence rather than to this life.

To-day, however, these visions had haunted her more persistently than usual; perhaps it was because she was alone and realized how few people there were in the world who were her friends, or who really cared for her. Percy, too, had been detained in London for two or three days, and she sadly missed him.

As her mind reverted to him, she wondered if he was learning to love Helena Stewart—if he would some day marry her. She knew well enough that this was what Helena was seeking.

"No, no!" she cried within herself; "I can never let him marry her, for she is false through and through, in spite of her beauty and wonderful powers of fascination. I should have to tell him about that man, 'Chester;' but even that could not save him from the bitter disappointment which must follow if he really loves her."

Her heart was full of pain as these thoughts ran riot in her brain, and, almost unconsciously, a long-drawn sigh escaped her.

"Why, Miss Gay! why that woeful sigh? Has everybody forsaken you and left you to your fate?" exclaimed a cheery voice just behind her; and, glancing up, she beheld Charles Harwood standing there, with a pretty inlaid box in his hands and a roll of something under his arm.

Her face broke at once into a sunny smile. It was not her nature to be sad or to brood over what she could not help; she was naturally as bright and merry as a singing bird, and no one could be long gloomy or depressed when in her presence.

"Everybody, save the servants, is gone; but I caused myself to be left behind, Mr. Harwood. Mrs. Stewart and the young ladies are out driving, and I might have gone also, but I am very lazy to-day and preferred to remain at home," she explained.

"How is the wounded member?" the young man asked, with a tender glance at the bandaged arm resting in its spotless sling.

"Better, thank you, and by another week I am to have the splinters removed. It will be a great relief; but it is surprising how much one can do with only one hand if one tries," Hazel concluded, brightly.

"You look on the bright side of life, Miss Gay; with the exception of that one sigh, to which you just gave vent, you have always seemed the very embodiment of happiness," Mr. Harwood observed, smiling.

"Did I sigh? I was not conscious of it," Hazel returned, although she was still aware of a dull heart-ache as she recalled her troubled musings regarding Percy's future. "But what have you there, Mr. Harwood, if I may be so inquisitive?" she asked, glancing at the box in his hands. "I have a delightful suspicion that it may be a box of chess-men."

"Your suspicion is correct," he answered, rattling them slightly. "I, too, have been alone to-day, and have hardly known what to do with myself, until I suddenly conceived the plan of coming to ask you to let me teach you the game."

Hazel laughed out musically; then she answered demurely:

"I am sorry to disappoint you, for I know the moves already; Per—a friend taught me several years ago."

"So much the better, for we shall not need to waste any time over those preliminaries," said the young man, adding, "I will bring the little table from the hall, and we will play out here, if you think you would enjoy it.

"Yes, indeed," Hazel responded eagerly, her face so bright as the day, now, for she dearly loved the game, and was secretly amused at his presumption of her ignorance regarding it.

He brought the table and a chair for himself, and then arranged the men with nimble fingers.

"I will give you a castle, Miss Gay, to begin with," he said, removing the piece. He considered himself rather a superior player, and did not wish to discourage her at the outset.

Hazel shot a wicked glance at him.

"Thank you, Mr. Harwood," she returned, gratefully, "but pray let the piece stand where it belongs, for the present; perhaps I will take it later."

He replaced the castle to humor her, not paying much heed to the last remark, and then she led out with her queen's pawn. Her next three or four moves were made with a boldness and decision which betrayed that she did, indeed, know the moves.

Half an hour later he looked comically crestfallen as she swept the length of the board with her queen, taking a castle and putting his king in check; then, as he was obliged to move his king, she captured his other castle while she archly remarked:

"I told you, perhaps I would take it later."

"Miss Gay," he exclaimed, with evident chagrin, "you were the personification of modesty! Know the moves, indeed! Why, you have completely demolished me in this game; but I will give you a grand tussel in the next."

He did and beat her; but the third she was too much for him again, while her merry eyes told him that she enjoyed her victory immensely.

"I shall not dare to play another this afternoon," she said; "it is best to let well enough alone, but at some future time, perhaps, I will give you an opportunity for revenge."

"Very well," he replied, gathering up the men, and replacing them in the box, "I shall be glad to redeem myself whenever you will allow me. Now, what shall we do? The afternoon is not nearly spent. I wonder if it would do for me to take you out rowing."

"Oh! if you would!" Hazel said, eagerly. "I have not been on the water for more than two weeks, and I long to feel the sea under me again."

She started up to get her hat and shawl; but he restrained her. He had seen them in the hall when he brought the table, and he went to get them for her, helping her tie her hat and folding her shawl about her with a deftness that surprised her.

Then he led her down to the landing, and put her very carefully into the boat, which his vigorous stroke soon sent gliding over the smooth sea like a bird sailing through space.

He rowed over toward the island, where they went the day of their first meeting, although they did not land; he took her entirely around it, and then slowly made his way back toward the mainland.

"My good fairy must have inspired you to come to me this afternoon, Mr. Harwood," Hazel said, as they drew near the shore; "you have made it pass delightfully."

His face lighted and his eyes glowed as they met hers.

"I am glad," he replied, resting upon his oars; "but it has not been a disinterested visit, for I have surely experienced far more of pleasure than I could possibly have deserved."

"Do not be too confident about that, sir," Hazel retorted, with roguish eyes, "for I assure you that I have seldom relished checkmating an opponent as I have to-day."

"And all on account of my supreme conceit," he replied, with a shrug. "But wait—forewarned is forearmed, you know."

Hazel laughed.

"You will not offer me your castle again, I imagine," she said, archly; "but I shall do my best to storm your citadel every time."

Charles Harwood leaned eagerly toward her, all the love of his heart concentrated in his eyes.

"Miss Gay—Hazel, you have stormed a citadel of which you do not dream, and it has fallen before you," he said, in a low, earnest tone; "you have taken my heart by storm. I love you, my beautiful one, and I should have asked you long since to give yourself to me—to bless me with the priceless boon of your love; but for the accident which has deprived me of your society. My darling, I am older than you by several years—I have seen many fair women, but never until now have I met one to whom my heart has yielded its deepest homage and reverence. Tell me, Hazel, will you be my wife?"

Hazel, after one startled glance at him, sat before him, white, motionless, dumb.

She had indeed never dreamed of anything like this in connection with Charles Harwood.

She had danced and chatted with him, always enjoying his society, for he was invariably full of life and gayety and never forgot to be a gentleman.

She had believed that he, like others who frequented Mrs. Stewart's drawing-room, had been attracted by the charm of Helena's rare beauty and accomplishments; consequently, this impassioned declaration had taken her wholly by surprise.

But she knew from his earnest face, his eager eyes, and the quiver in his voice, that he was sincere—that he meant every word he uttered; and she had only to lay her hand in his, and she need no longer be alone in the world, a poor governess dependent upon the bounty and caprice of others, but, instead, a loved and honored wife, occupying a position of which any one might be proud.

But—she did not love him; all her heart, all her love belonged to another. The knowledge came to her more forcibly at this moment than ever before.

"You do not answer me, Hazel," Charles Harwood said, with whitening lips, as he looked anxiously upon that downcast face from which all light and color had fled, and which was marred by an expression of pain. "Will you not crown my life with the blessing of your love? Will you not speak and tell me that I may hope? Can wait if I may but feel that I shall win my prize at last."

Hazel lifted her sorrowful eyes to his face.

"Mr. Harwood, what can I say to you!" she began. "I never once dreamed that you would ever speak such words as you have just uttered to me; I imagined that your heart was drawn in another direction. But it can never be as you wish—I cannot be your wife."

"Oh, Hazel! I cannot hear such an answer as that," the young man cried, his voice quivering with pain, his handsome face deathly white.

"Forgive me if I wound you," she returned, gently. "If I had ever thought that this confession was in store for me I should not have come with you this afternoon; but, hard as it is to grieve you when you offer me the greatest homage that a woman can receive—the love of an honest heart—I must be true to myself. I cannot bid you hope or wait, for—Mr. Harwood, I do not love you."

"You have not had time to think of it—to realize whether you do or not; I have frightened you by my abruptness," he said, despairingly.

"I have not, indeed, had time to think, for I did not dream that you cherished aught save few ings of kindly friendship for me," Hazel responded, sadly; adding, "but truly, I can give you no other answer."

"Oh, my darling! when I love you so, pray, pray, give me but a single ray of hope! I will wait years, if need be."

"I cannot, for I know my own heart," she said, her voice full of tears, and he knew that his fate was sealed.

Without a word, he took up his oars and rowed back to the shore; but his face was like the face of one shorn of every hope in this life.

He was just as tender and careful of her as he had been when they started out, and never left her side until she was safely seated in her chair on the veranda.

Mrs. Stewart and her party drove up just then, for which Hazel was very thankful, as it prevented an awkward and trying leave-taking between herself and Mr. Harwood.

He was greeted cordially by the ladies, although Helena quickly detected the cloud upon his face, and the unusual flush on Hazel's cheeks, and took in the situation at once.

"He has made a fool of himself over that girl," was her mental comment, "and got his congé for his pains. I must settle her fate before she does further mischief. She will leave Crescent Villa before many weeks, or Helena Stewart will have lost her usual cunning."

When Percy next met his friend he knew, by his dejected attitude, that he had staked his all, and lost. He had been checkmated in far more important affair than a game of chess.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HELENA'S JEALOUSY, AND A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The following week Percy thought it would be safe to remove the splints from Hazel's arm, and she was greatly relieved to have the stiff, uncomfortable things off. She found, however, that her arm was very weak, far more so than she had anticipated, and she was very willing to have it supported by bandages for a while longer.

Helena happened to be in the room when Doctor Morton made this change, and as she caught sight of the livid marks, which were still visible, where her cruel fingers had clutched the delicate flesh, she turned a vivid scarlet, while a guilty look overspread her fair face.

Percy saw her emotion, and caught that expression, and his suspicion that she had some thing to do with Hazel's injury was confirmed. He had noticed, several times since the accident, a look in Helena's eyes, when they chanced to rest upon Hazel, which betrayed an absolute dislike, if not hatred, of the fair girl; while Hazel's evident avoidance of all intercourse with the polished belle betrayed that something of an unpleasant nature must have occurred between them.

He kept his own counsel, however, but resolved that he would yet sift the mysterious affair, and discover what had been the occasion of so great a wrong.

After this the arm, with the daily showering and brisk rubbing which it received gained rapidly in strength, while the discolored flesh gradually recovered its natural fairness.

One day early in September Percy called at Mrs. Stewart's with a lotion which he wished Hazel to use, and informed her that he was going away for a time. Sir Henry Harwood was about to return to London, and as his duties there were not yet very heavy, he wanted Percy to visit Paris and its wonderful hospitals before beginning the real business of life for the winter.

This the young doctor considered a golden opportunity, and one not to be neglected, the only drawback being the separation from Hazel, who every day was becoming dearer to him and more necessary to his happiness.

As he was passing out, after taking leave of her, he encountered Helena upon the veranda, and informed her also of his intended absence.

Helena's face fell, and she grew very pale, a circumstance which Percy could not fail to notice.

"We shall miss you sadly, Dr. Morton," she said, a very perceptible tremor in her voice, "and I fear you will miss the duchess' grand reception, which is to occur a couple of weeks hence. I wish you were going to be here to attend it."

"It will be a very fine affair, I have no doubt," Percy observed, smiling; "but, among so many notables who will be present, the absence of so humble a character as myself will hardly be remarked."

"You underrate yourself," Helena returned, turning a wistful look upon him; "you are of far more importance than you pretend to imagine. I, for one, regret your departure more than I can express."

Percy looked surprised at the earnestness of her tone, and merely returned a courteous, "Thank you."

Then as Lord Nelson was seen approaching from a distance, he added, lightly:

"There comes a devoted cavalier, however, who, doubtless, will make you forget the absence of all other friends."

He had a purpose in making the remark, for he was very anxious to know whether there was anything in certain rumors which were flying about. If there was any understanding between those two, the certain knowledge of it would set his anxious heart at rest, for it would tell him that Hazel was free, and in that case he had resolved to do his utmost to win her upon his return from Paris.

Helena flushed hotly, and shot a quick, reproachful glance at him.

"You mistake," she said, in a low voice, "Lord Nelson is nothing to me, more than a valued friend."

"I beg your pardon, if I have presumed too far, but surely you are aware that Dame Rumor has assigned the strawberry leaves of the house of Jersey to one of America's fairest daughters," Percy said, with the utmost respect, but watching her coming and going color with intense interest.

Helena's heart bounded with a blissful hope. Was he taking this way to discover whether she was still free? was he about to confess his own affection for her, and lay his grand heart at her feet?

"I know," she returned, with crimson cheeks, "but, for once, report is at fault. I could not marry Lord Nelson Hartwell."

"It would be a brilliant alliance for any one, and Lord Hartwell is a noble young man," Percy answered, with a sinking heart, for if the young man was nothing to Helena Stewart, his attentions to Hazel evidently meant a great deal.

"True, no one can fail to recognize that fact," Miss Stewart replied, with downcast eyes and heaving bosom, "but the heart of a true woman cannot be purchased by even the prospect of a ducal coronet. Dr. Morton, let me be frank with you," she added, in a more confidential tone, "I am aware that people have assigned me that honor. I am aware, also, that they have failed to perceive that my mother's ambition would prompt her to remove mountains to gratify the dearest wish of her heart, but I assure you it will never be, for—I do not love—him."

This was uttered almost in a whisper, and Percy was conscious of an inward shock as she slightly emphasized that pronoun, while her tone and the manner in which she had made this confession, told him but too plainly, that another occupied the throne of her heart, to the utter exclusion of Lord Nelson or any other man, save—himself.

He glanced at her startled and amazed, and, for one brief instant, their eyes met, and he read in hers a tenderness and wistful appeal that smote him keenly.

She was very beautiful in that mood, more beautiful than he had ever seen her, for there was a gentleness and humility in her look and mien that softened and chastened her—the proud, imperious beauty and belle was lost in the loving woman.

He was, however, confounded and dismayed by this unlooked for revelation. He had never dreamed of such a thing, and had most earnestly hoped that the report of her engagement to Lord Nelson was true.

Helena read, in his look of astonishment, the doom of all her fondest hopes. Percy Morton did not love her, and he would never violate his manhood by offering his great heart to a woman for whom he had not a deep and abiding affection. She knew now that he would never marry her, were she twice the lovely and belle that she was, even with her millions quadrupled.

Despair clutched at her heart, and for a moment life itself seemed to be worthless. The next she rallied and all her pride asserted itself, while a malicious desire to stab him, as he had stabbed her, took possession of her.

She threw up her proud head and laughed a low, musical laugh, as if amused at his blindness.

"Besides, where are your eyes, Dr. Morton?" she said, with well assumed surprise. "It is a self-evident fact, strange as it may seem, that his lordship intends at no distant day to defy public opinion and all aristocratic principles, and degrade his family by marrying my mother's servant—Belle's governess."

Percy seemed suddenly petrified by this unexpected thrust. A dusky red shot over his brow for a moment, then receded, leaving him startlingly pale. She had indeed stabbed him mercilessly.

"Degrade!" he repeated, with sternly compressed lips. "Miss Gay is a refined and cultured lady whom it might be an honor for any man to win for his wife."

"You are very democratic in your ideas for an Englishman, Dr. Morton," Helena responded, with another laugh that stung him to the quick. "Even my republican education will not allow me to contemplate, with anything of toleration, the union of a prospective duke with a low governess."

It was fortunate, perhaps, for both of them that Mrs. Stewart came hurrying out upon the veranda just at that moment and prevented the scathing reply that arose to Percy's lips.

"Dr. Morton," she said, "I have just learned from Miss Gay that you are to leave for Paris to-morrow, to be absent several weeks, and I have hastened to confer with you, remembering that you have a bill against me for surgery."

"Oh, no, madam, my bill was against Miss Gay, and—that is all settled," Percy replied, bowing to her, but flushing slightly.

"How is that?" returned Mrs. Stewart; "did Miss Gay settle with you?"

"Yes; but it was not a very heavy bill," he responded, smiling, as he remembered how it had been settled.

When he was taking leave of Hazel a little while before, he had playfully remarked, as he took both her hands in his:

"Hazel, I have an account against you for mending a broken bone; are you going to pay me before I go?"

She looked up at him with laughing eyes, for she knew he was jesting.

"How much is your bill, Percy?" she asked, lightly.

"It can be cancelled with a kiss, dear," he said, drawing her gently toward him and gazing fondly down upon her. "It has been a long, long time since you have bestowed a voluntary caress upon me, Hazel; give me just one for good-by, and we will call the account square."

She lifted her lips to his and kissed him, but a burning blush swept up to her brow and her eyes fell shyly before his as she did so.

For an instant his heart thrilled with a blissful hope; the next he chided himself for his folly.

"Pshaw!" he thought, impatiently, "this blush means nothing; she cannot forget that I once told her she was not my sister, and it is only maidenly modesty which reproves her for being too free with one who is no kin to her."

Nevertheless his heart was lighter for that thought.

Mrs. Stewart bent a searching glance upon him after his last reply to her, and then remarked:

"It does not matter whether it was large or small; Miss Gay was injured while in my service, and, with the exception of a few days, she has insisted upon performing her regular duties in spite of her disabled arm; therefore, I feel that it belongs to me to pay her doctor's bill."

Percy could not help being amused by this unforeseen dilemma, while he wondered what the lady would say if she knew the truth regarding his relations with Hazel and the price he had put upon his services.

"It is very considerate of you, madame, to take such a view of the case," he courteously remarked, after a moment of thought; "but as matters now stand, that is an affair that must rest entirely between yourself and Miss Gay."

He then shook hands with both ladies, also with Lord Nelson, who arrived just then, bade them farewell and took his leave.

(To be Continued.)

Rank Injustice.

"What did the horses stop for, George?"

"They made a false start and have to go back to the post again."

"Oh, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."

Dancing Days.

"I remember dancing at a school party many years ago," said a lady connected with the church, "and my father, who was an Episcopal clergyman, was present. It was in the good old days when a couple would waltz all the evening on a five-cent piece, round and round. I had danced six or eight times with one gentleman, when my father touched me on the shoulder and reminded me that I had danced enough. I felt very much vexed, but I now wonder how I would feel to see my little daughter at the same age whirling about in the arms of a stranger. The slow and gentle motion of the waltz as it is now taught, and the decorous manner in which it is now danced, is a great improvement upon the mad whirl of my young days. It would not be tolerated in good society now."

A young lady who has returned from a visit to the Pacific Coast says that the popular dance known as the Varsovienne has just reached California, and that it is hummed by all the society girls with an accompaniment of words:

"Do you see, do you see, my new shoes?"

A propos of dancing a small boy, who is taking his pas premier at dancing school, said to his mother recently:

"I danced with Mamie W—— to-day, mamma, and I could have danced her just as easy as anything, but I didn't," with a sigh over his lost opportunity.

The custom of wearing gloves at dancing parties is not as arbitrary as it was. When it was fashionable for ladies to wear white kids and gentlemen to go ungloved, the ladies complained that their gloves and waists of their party dresses were ruined by the perspiration from their partners' hands. Then all the gentlemen wore gloves. An incident will show how peremptory the fashion became. A well known society lady was dancing, and in the all hands round figure declined the hand of a certain gentleman at each round during the evening. Naturally the gentleman was mighty chagrined until he learned that it was his ungloved hand she refused.

A Good Deal in a Name.

"How is your new gas-meter coming on, Jones—Is it a success?"

"No, it's a failure; I can't get anybody to touch it."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I was unfortunate in selecting a name for it; I must have been a fool!"

"What do you call it?"

"The Busy Bee."

A Sudden Death.

Kentucky coroner—Yes, the papers found upon the deceased prove that he was Colonel Blood.

Witness—There was also a quart bottle found in one of his pockets.

Coroner—Was the bottle empty.

Witness—No, sir, it was full—hadn't been touched.

Coroner—Poor fellow, he must have died without a moment's warning.

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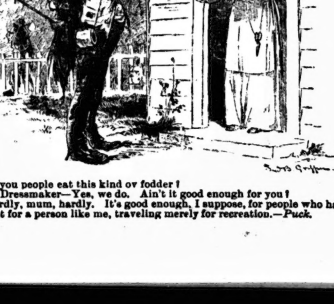

Tramp—Do you people eat this kind of fodder?

Benevolent Dressmaker—Yes, we do. Ain't it good enough for you?

Tramp—Hardly, mum, hardly. It's good enough, I suppose, for people who have to work for a living, but not for a person like me, traveling merely for recreation.—*Puck.*

Varsity Chat.

Mr. F. J. Steen who is studying law in Chicago, writing to a friend here incidentally remarks that what we in Toronto are accustomed to speak of as the profession of law is there a trade carried on with an eye single to the object—$ $ $.

•

Mr. K. C. McIlwraith, '90, who has been in Scotland for several months has returned, but will not write this year. The class of '90 grieves to leave him behind.

•

The club scheme is very much alive just now. It is rumored that the Senate intends to come down with its dust in a handsome fashion. Canvassing for the needful is going on among the undergraduates, who part with their dollars with the tenderest kind of farewell. It's only once in a lifetime.

•

From time to time we have occasion to remark on the numerous ways in which the library is not conducted to our satisfaction. The hours do not suit us, and there is only an excuse for a catalogue, and so on. Just now a petition is being extensively signed for presentation to the Library Committee of the Senate, praying that the hours be changed from 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. to 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

•

Mr. Grant Stewart of Trinity delighted an unusually large audience at the Literary Society, last week, with his elocution. Criticism is scarcely in order, but perhaps as I have nothing but praises for either his art or his kindness, it is no harm.

•

I noticed Mr. R. Donald, B. A., a prominent young Liberal in the audience. Visits from grads. are rare. How is it?

•

The curriculum for the new political science course is out. It is clear that this course is to be at once most thorough and extensive. In view of the large number who enter law, it will also be most popular, and that is saying nothing about Prof. Ashley's lectures, for attendance at which, by the way, there is no necessity for compulsion. NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

Professor Clark has lately been the recipient of some splendid offers from American universities; it is hoped, however, that he will still remain to grace his chair at Trinity.

•

Rev. C. H. Shortt, M.A., Woodbridge, paid a visit to the college this week.

•

I believe measures are now being taken to place the *Trinity University Review* on a firmer and stronger basis than it has been hitherto. The *Review*, which formerly was called by the more characteristic name of *Rouge et Noir*, has been for six years since its inception exclusively carried on by the students of Trinity College. It is now proposed that Convocation, the society of the graduates, should have a voice in the control of the journal, and the scheme has been accepted by that body. Convocation will be represented on the editorial staff by two members. To the Trinity Medical College overtures have also been made with regard to their joining with the Arts men in publishing the paper. The meds. have all been most favorable to the proposal, and met this week to arrange the details. I hear that the name of Dr. Bingham has been suggested as one of the editors to represent the Medical Colleges.

•

Episcopon, the college *Punch*, shows as yet no signs of recovery from the dormancy he has been enjoying for the last year. For some reason or other the sage has not appeared since the spring of 1887. Episcopon, as everyone connected with Trinity knows, is a manuscript paper read periodically before the students by the scribe who is the only visible functionary of the sage. The contents consist mainly of jokes, witticisms and caricatures at the expense of the students, the freshmen, as usual, coming in for a large share of notice. Many a merry evening has been spent in bygone days by the students assembled to hear the words of Father Episcopon, and as each successive hit was made, the room would re-echo with the laughter which some unfortunate had excited, who would vainly endeavor to conceal his blushes and hide his diminished head. In all the quips and cranks, however, the utmost good humor prevailed.

•

I am sorry that the students of the present have not been so active in supporting Episcopon in his declining years. It may be that other college institutions take up their interest more completely and that the *Review* gains all their surplus literary vigor, or perhaps the real reason is that the present students prefer to get off their jokes and gags with each other *viva voce*, and that their expansiveness does not wait to consign their merry thought to the pages of Episcopon. Still he ought to be cherished and it is hoped that he will appear again this year. The old volumes of Episcopon offer a most interesting picture of student life in former days, and, indeed, contain many little gems of satire or poesy. It will sound like old times when his warning of *Notandi sunt tibi mores* is once more heard.

•

With November snows setting in, the football has let free the gas so long held in its leathern confines and the bladder hangs again limp. Trinity's football season is shorter than other clubs owing to the late return of the students and this year only four matches could be arranged. Of these Trinity won three and lost one. The Guelph Agricultural College, Port Hope, and Trinity College School were vanquished and the 'Varsity was victorious. Trinity which has for the last few years fallen an easy prey to the powers of the 'Varsity, evened things up more this time and lost by the close score of 10 to 0. In the last half of the match, Trinity had the best of it, but their want of training told at the commencement. With Trinity a regular victor in the annual cricket match and 'Varsity turning the tables in Rugby, honors are about evenly divided between the two universities. ERYX.

A Mechanical Cure for Hiccough.

Procure a glass of water and pour a little of it down the patient's throat. While he is drinking the water he should press a finger on the orifice of each ear. By this method you open the glottis, and in five seconds the thing is done. Should you by any chance meet with an obstinate case you may rest assured that the throat and ears were not closed at one and the same time; either the water was swallowed before the ears were thoroughly stopped or the water was not sufficient to fill the throat. Another precaution is to keep the chin well up. This cure was obtained by the writer from an old Indian medical officer who had experimented for some years to discover a method of relieving the terrible stage of hiccoughing in yellow fever, and this cure was the outcome.

Wanted to Know What He Would Be.

A little three-year-old, the young hopeful of an estimable lady on Piety Hill, in Salem, Mass., is just beginning to verge into the period of childish investigation, doubt and inquiry. The little fellow had heard the words "grass widow" and hastened to inquire their meaning of his mother. By the way of illustration she told him that if his father should run away and leave her alone without any cause, then she would be a grass widow. The future President looked up in his mother's face and said: "Then what d I be? Would I be a grasshopper?"

A Small Favor.

He—Darling, I love you!
She—I love you, too.
He—I know it, sweetest, and that is why I want you to do me a great favor.
She—Willingly.
He—Tell your sister Maude that I want to marry her.

The Conservation of Energy.

Boy—The hen laid an egg.
Aunt—What did you do with it?
Boy—Boiled it hard, cut it up into small pieces and gave it to her for her breakfast.

No Novelty in That.

Friend—Doctor, did you ever fight a duel?
Doctor—A duel! No, indeed. What novelty would it be for me to kill a man?

Hedging on a Bet.

"Hellos, Bromley, that isn't the fair thing! You promised that if your side lost the election, you'd shave off one whisker."
"Well, haven't I?"
"Yes, but you've shaved off both of them."
"Oh, that's all right. I lost the other one in the same kind of a bet with Darringer."

Red Hair Before and After Marriage.

During their engagement—"Little sweetheart, that lovely auburn hair of yours always looks beautiful, but since the wind has slightly mussed it it looks positively bewitching. You should always make it a point to have it a trifle out of order."

Two years after marriage—"Say, Jane, for heaven's sake, go upstairs and put that red hair of yours in order. It's enough to drive me mad. Why, it looks like the fringe on a red lounge."

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The publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25 000 new readers have been drawn to it during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents (notably the Railway articles), and it closes its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE attractive and interesting will be neglected.

THE RAILROAD ARTICLES will be continued by several very striking papers; one especially interesting by Ex-Postmaster General Thomas L. James on "The Railway Postal Service." *Illustrated.*

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S serial novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," will run through the greater part of the year.

Begun in November.

A CORRESPONDENCE and collection of manuscript memoirs relating to J. F. Millet and a famous group of modern FRENCH PAINTERS will furnish the substance of several articles. *Illustrated.*

The brief end papers written last year by Robert Louis Stevenson will be replaced by equally interesting contributions by different famous authors. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will write the first of them for the January number.

Many valuable LITERARY ARTICLES will appear; a paper on Walter Scott's Methods of Work, illustrated from original MSS., a second "Shelf of Old Books," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and many other articles equally noteworthy. *Illustrated.*

Articles on ART SUBJECTS will be a feature. Papers are arranged to appear by Clarence Cook, E. H. Blashfield, Austin Dobson, and many others. *Illustrated.*

FISHING ARTICLES describing sport in the best fishing grounds will appear. Salmon, Winninish, Bass and Tarpon are the subjects now arranged. The authors are well-known sportsmen. *Illustrated.*

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES of great variety, touching upon all manner of subjects, travel, biography, description, etc., will appear, but not of the conventional, commonplace sort. *Illustrated.*

Among the most interesting in the list of scientific papers for the year will be a remarkable article by Professor John Trowbridge, upon the most recent developments and uses of PHOTOGRAPHY. *Illustrated.*

A class of articles which has proved of special interest will be continued by a group of papers upon ELECTRICITY in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable paper on DEEP MINING, and other interesting papers. *Unique illustrations.*

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BECAUSE the greatest writers of the world like to have their work read by the greatest number, and therefore to such a magazine as THE CENTURY the best naturally comes. It was for THE CENTURY that Gen. Grant first wrote his reminiscences of important battles

BECAUSE it is publishing the life of Abraham Lincoln by his private secretaries. Of this it has been said, "The young man who is not reading it robs himself of that which he will one day hunger for." The coming year presents the most important part of this great history, which may be begun at any time

BECAUSE it is printing those remarkable articles on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, which are attracting universal attention and are being reprinted in hundreds of free-speech papers, but are not allowed to enter Russia. The *Chicago Tribune* says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." They are "as judicial as the opinion of a Supreme Court tribunal,—as thrilling as the most sensational drama."

BECAUSE during 1889 THE CENTURY is to have a series of engravings of the greatest pictures of the old Italian masters, made by Timothy Cole, the leading wood-engraver of the world, who has spent four years in Italy on this work; a series of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," by George W. Cable; occasional richly illustrated papers describing the scenes of the current International Sunday-school lessons; interesting illustrated papers on Ireland, and a series of humorous and pathetic Irish-American stories; a striking illustrated novelette, "The Romance of Dollard," by a new writer, and other novelettes to be announced later; supplemental war papers, autobiographical and descriptive of special incidents; "Pictures of the Far West," by Mary Hallock Foote, etc., etc. We have not space here to announce all the new features. Let us send you (free) our "Catalogue of Special Publications," with original illustrations, containing full prospectus, special offer of back numbers to beginning of the Siberian papers, etc. The November number, which begins the new volume, is for sale everywhere after Nov. 1. THE CENTURY costs 35 cts. a number; $4.00 a year. Address THE CENTURY Co., 33 East 17th St. est, New York.

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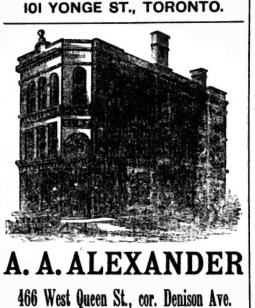

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

land, Patteson, Moore, Chambers, Gordon Jones, Heward, Melford Boulton, Walter Dickson, George Torrance, Buchanan, Morrison, Strange, Bethune, Armour, John Beaty.

The first public reception of the season at Government House took place on Wednesday. In spite of the villainous weather, very many people paid their respects to Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell. From soon after four until six there was a continuous stream of callers. There is to be another reception on Wednesday of next week, and many people whom the weather caused to defer their call this week will doubtless put in an appearance then.

Miss Biggar of Belleville has left Bloor street, and in now the guest of Hon. Oliver and Mrs. Mowat on St. George street. In her honor Mrs. Oliver Mowat gave a small afternoon tea last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Edinburgh are paying a visit to Toronto.

Mr. Vaneck of Montreal, who was at one time a frequent visitor to Toronto, and a popular society man, was in town this week.

There were several tea parties on the afternoon of Friday. None of them large, but a good many people met and had the opportunity of arranging their programmes satisfactorily for the evening.

Mr. Frank May of Montreal is in town. Mr. May was at one time well known in Toronto society, and married a daughter of Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet.

Mrs. Langtry's beautiful private car at the Union Station has been a great attraction to those who, knowing the beauty, have been lucky enough to be therein admitted.

Osgoode Hall for a brief period last Thursday night shook off the dust of the law and painted itself in brightest colors on the occasion of its public debate and, what was, possibly, more appreciated, the dance which generally follows the Osgoode Hall debates, which dance, it is generally conceded, is always looked forward to with favor by the fairer friends of the legal fraternity. Judging by last Thursday night's proceedings, if our lawyers could only plead their causes half as effectually in the pursuit of their profession as they do at the bar of love, an unsuccessful lawyer would be as much a *rara avis* as the extinct dodo.

The marriage of Dr. Elliott and Miss Eva Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Warring Kennedy (which was postponed on account of the illness of Mrs. Kennedy), will take place next Tuesday at the residence of the bride's father.

Personal.

In our mention of the Juch-Carreno concert we omitted to state that it was under the management of Messrs. Suckling & Sons.

I observe that Miss Fannie Armstrong will accept engagements as pianiste and piano accompanist at concerts, At Homes and dances (children's).

"A Below-Zero Christmas," a charming story of the Red River Rebellion of '69 by Hon. Wm. McDougall, in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, out on Monday.

Mr. James McCabe was the representative of the Trinity Medical College at the McGill University Banquet at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Thursday night.

"Santa Claus in Limbo," by Mayor E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., is one of the prettiest sketches in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, out on Monday, price 25 cents. Order it of your newsboy or news agent.

Mr. J. Hamilton Kane, the assistant manager of the Dominion Bank, and Mrs. Kane sailed to-day on the Werra en route for an extended trip to the shores of the Mediterranean. It is not improbable they will extend their tour to Algeria and Egypt.

At the Conversazione given to the fourth and third year students by Sir Daniel Wilson at his residence on St. George street on the 3rd, and again on the 24th inst., Miss Alexandrina Ramsay took the part of Regan in the scene from King Lear beside rendering a number of miscellaneous selections.

The first annual At Home of Canada Lodge, No. 114, C. O. O. F., will be given at the Victoria Chambers, Victoria street, on Tuesday next. Mr. Alex. Patterson, jr., as chairman, and Mr. D. H. B. Phillip as secretary, have been indefatigable in their effort to make this At Home a signal success.

Messrs. T. G. Foster, Charlie Maddison and Dick Tinning have just come home from a ten days' outing after duck. They report the shooting worse than it has been for years, but all the same bagged over a hundred big duck and two fine deer, and are looking well after their hard work and fresh air.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, George Stewart, jr., G. Mercer Adam, A. F. Pirie, "Pica" Kribs, J. R. Robinson, editor of the *Telegram*, Pauline Johnson, Ethelwyn Wetherald, E. W. Sandys, H. K. Cockin, W. C. Nichol, "Esperance," Helen Merrill are among the contributors to SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, out on Monday next.

Last night the Literary and Theological Society and Cos Ingeneiorum Society of McMaster Hall gave their second union public debate and concert which was a most successful affair. Principal Caven of Knox College occupied the chair. Messrs. J. L. Gilmour, J. G. Brown, J. O'Neill and J. F. Mills were the debaters of the evening.

"The Dance at Deadman's Crossing," a story of the Canadian Nor'-West, by Edmund E. Sheppard, complete in seven chapters in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS. Sixteen big pages of choice reading matter and artistic illustrations, with the handsomest cover and prettiest gift picture supplements ever issued in Canada. Out next Monday.

A familiar feature to King street promenaders will, we regret to learn, be removed in the closing up of C. & J. Allen's business. Auction sales are going on by day and night, which are attended by hundreds of citizens who are eager for the bargains which can always be picked up at such a sale as this first-class house is now making.

Another evidence of the popularity of Mr. R. L. Patterson, the well-known Canadian agent of Millar & Richard's "hard Scotch type," was shown by his unanimous appointment by the City Council to the Collegiate Institute trusteeship, rendered vacant by the death of ex-Ald. Love. R. L. seems to strike offices with a graceful ease which makes other candidates weary.

Mr. John Beaty of Parkdale, accompanied by his daughter, left on Wednesday last for New Orleans, whence they go to Havana for a brief stay before returning to California where they sojourn for a few months. The knowledge that Parkdale will be in the care of the city ere long will help the mild climate of the golden west not a little to restore to Mr. Beaty whatever health he may have lost in the recent warm contest.

The annual meeting of the Tam O'Shanter Snow Shoe Club was held last Tuesday evening at the Walker House, the vice-president, Mr. A. C. Macdonald, occupying the chair. The following members were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. A. C. Macdonald; vice-president, Mr. Alfred E. Denison; secy.-treas., Mr. F. J. Lightbourn; whipper-in, Mr. W. F. Stewart; committee, Messrs. A. R. Denison, F. J. Ross, Albert E. Denison, A. Wright and E. A. Thompson.

On Thursday, December 13, Mr. Torrington's orchestra will give its first concert of the season. A splendid programme has been prepared, and the proficiency shown by the orchestra, not only at rehearsals but also at the St. George's Society concert, promises most satisfactory execution. The programme embraces a symphony, an overture and lighter music. The vocalists are M'lle Strauss, whose efforts have been so well spoken of in these columns, and Mr. Harry Blight, who is like good wine in that he needs no bush.

Around Town.

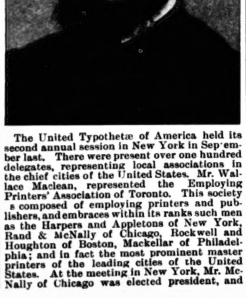
(Continued from Page One.)

I am inclined to imagine that thinking is ahead of talking, but I know that in taking this ground I come in collision with both the theory and practice of the majority of clergymen. The world is chuck full of talkers; thinkers are scarce. I am not learned in metaphysics, but a good deal of the discussion, as reported, strikes me as smart without being sound. Rev. Mr. Hooker seemed to imagine that he clinched the whole question by reading from Max Muller's ludicrous description of the effort of a man to think without words. Of course this is funny, but when we remember how many words we hear from the pulpit and elsewhere without any thoughts, we are apt to believe there is not enough connection between the two. A parrot repeats words without having thoughts. Does pretty Polly have the crowning glory when she inquires for her cracker? Is the means of communicating thought greater than thought itself? Have not all animals a method of communication? If you think not, listen to the calf calling for its mother, or to the bleating of the lamb or the warning signals of birds or wild animals. These animals do not think, but they have instinct. Is the bleat of the ewe a more crowning glory than the maternal instinct which impels her to care for her young? Is the capability of saying "Come to mamma" a more crowning glory in the mother than the desire to protect the babe? or the undefined thought, when she tucks the little one in the cot that God will take care of it? Language is but the means of communication. This would be unimportant if we had nothing more to communicate than the animals have. It is our thoughts, then, which make our verbal communications more worthy than the cries of beasts. DON.

M. Floquet.

(See Page One.)

M. Floquet is the plucky Minister of the Sadi-Carnot administration whose recent duel with Boulanger terminated within an ace of death to the latter. No one expects death to follow a French duel, and, with one or two exceptions, no one has been disappointed during the past decade, but the Floquet-Boulanger affair was sufficiently serious to relieve it of any suspicion of that ridicule which is the social and political death of the Parisian by whom it is incurred.



The United Typothetæ of America held its second annual session in New York in September last. There were present over one hundred delegates, representing local associations in the chief cities of the United States. Mr. Walace Maclean, represented the Employing Printers' Association of Toronto. This society is composed of employing printers and publishers, and embraces within its ranks such men as the Harpers and Appletons of New York, Rand & McNally of Chicago, Rockwell and Churchill of Boston, Mackellar of Philadelphia; and in fact the most prominent master printers of the leading cities of the United States. At the meeting in New York, Mr. McNally of Chicago was elected president, and amongst the five vice-presidents chosen, was Mr. W. A. Shepard, manager of the *Mail* job department and chairman of the executive committee of the Employing Printers' Association of Toronto. The portrait of Mr. Shepard and biographical sketch, are copied from the *American Bookmaker* of New York for November.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

A Below-Zero Christmas (a story of the Red River Rebellion, of '69) - By Hon. Wm. McDougall
Santa Claus in Limbo - By E. F. Clarke, M.PP.
A Roman Gentleman's Idea of Happiness - By Prof. Goldwin Smith
Don's Christmas Sermon -
The Festival - By Cermer Mada
The Dying Pugilist - By Prof. Algernon Boys
An Idyl of Dog Lane: a story - By George Stewart, Jr.
Christmas in the Backwoods (poem) - By E. Pauline Johnson
Christmas-Tide (poem) - By H. K. Cockin
A Christmas Turkey (Illustrated) - By E. W. Sandys
Her Christmas Angel - By Isabel Holmes
Two Christmases - By H. J. P. Good
An Interview with Santa Claus - By A. F. Pirie
What Our Young Canadian Women Read - By G. Mercer Adam
The Christmas Tree at Blanshard's - By John R. Robinson
Mental Telegraphy - By Ethelwyn Wetherald
Myra's Turkey - By Pica (L. P. Kribs)
Xmas Eve in Muskoka - By Esperanza
Xmas Reminiscence - By A. H. St. Germaine
An Old Idiocy (sketch) - By W. C. Nichol
My Christmas Gift (poem) - By "Van"
The Golden Key (poem) - By Helen M. A. Merrill
My Dinner (story) - By James A. Smith
A Paying Investment (story) - By P. B. M.
Wintry Incidents (sketch) - By Cecil Street
Xmas at Ingle Farm - By Minnie Irving

"THE DANCE AT DEADMAN'S CROSSING," a story of the Canadian North-West, complete in seven chapters. By Edmund E. Sheppard, author of "Dolly," "Widower Jones," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc.

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Evening Calls.

Much the same usage as that described for dinners prevails. The dress is influenced by the character of the occasion. Where a gentleman is calling to return the courtesy of a formal invitation previously accepted to an afternoon tea or reception, he should call within one week after the affair, preferably at the hostess' usual At Home or regular reception evening, and he should wear full evening dress. Now, the prevailing style of overcoat to be worn this season with full evening dress is what is called the Inverness, because of the ease with which it can be put on or taken off. These garments we are making up in the very latest styles, as usual to be had from the Fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

They Never Ached.

Jaggs—Tobacco cause toothache? Nonsense! I use it constantly, and I haven't had a toothache for years."

Bagley—Well, you must have teeth like iron.

Jaggs—Not exactly—only celluloid.

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CITY CENSUS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A SPECIAL census of the City of Toronto will be taken on

Wednesday, December 12, 1888

The enumerators will start in their respective districts at 8 o'clock a.m., and as the work must be accomplished in one day, it is earnestly requested that our citizens will furnish them with the necessary information asked for as promptly as possible.

The questions that will be asked by the enumerators will be for the sole purpose of enabling the Census Committee to determine the true population of Toronto.

E. KING DODDS,
Chairman Census Committee.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
Toronto, November 23, 1888.

NOTICE

The adjourned annual meeting of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at the offices of said Company, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, on

Wednesday, Dec. 5, 1888

AT THREE O'CLOCK P. M.

Toronto, Nov. 24. WM. M. HALL, Sec'y-Treas.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament at the next respective sessions thereof for an Act to incorporate he East Toronto and Richmond Hill Railway Company, with full powers to construct and operate a double or single line of railway from a point on the line of the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Claremont to North Bay, or from a point on the Midland Railway or both to a point within or near the Village of Richmond Hill, thence southerly as near Yonge Street as practicable to a point within or near the City of Toronto, thence easterly and southerly to and along the valley of the Don River to the water front, thence easterly along the water front to a point at or near Victoria Park, thence northerly and westerly through or near the Villages of East Toronto and Chester to the valley of the Don and to a point in the line of the said railway, with power to make running arrangements with and crossings over other railways as may be necessary or expedient.
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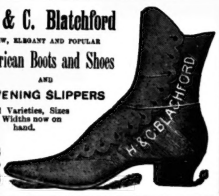

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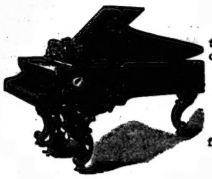

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